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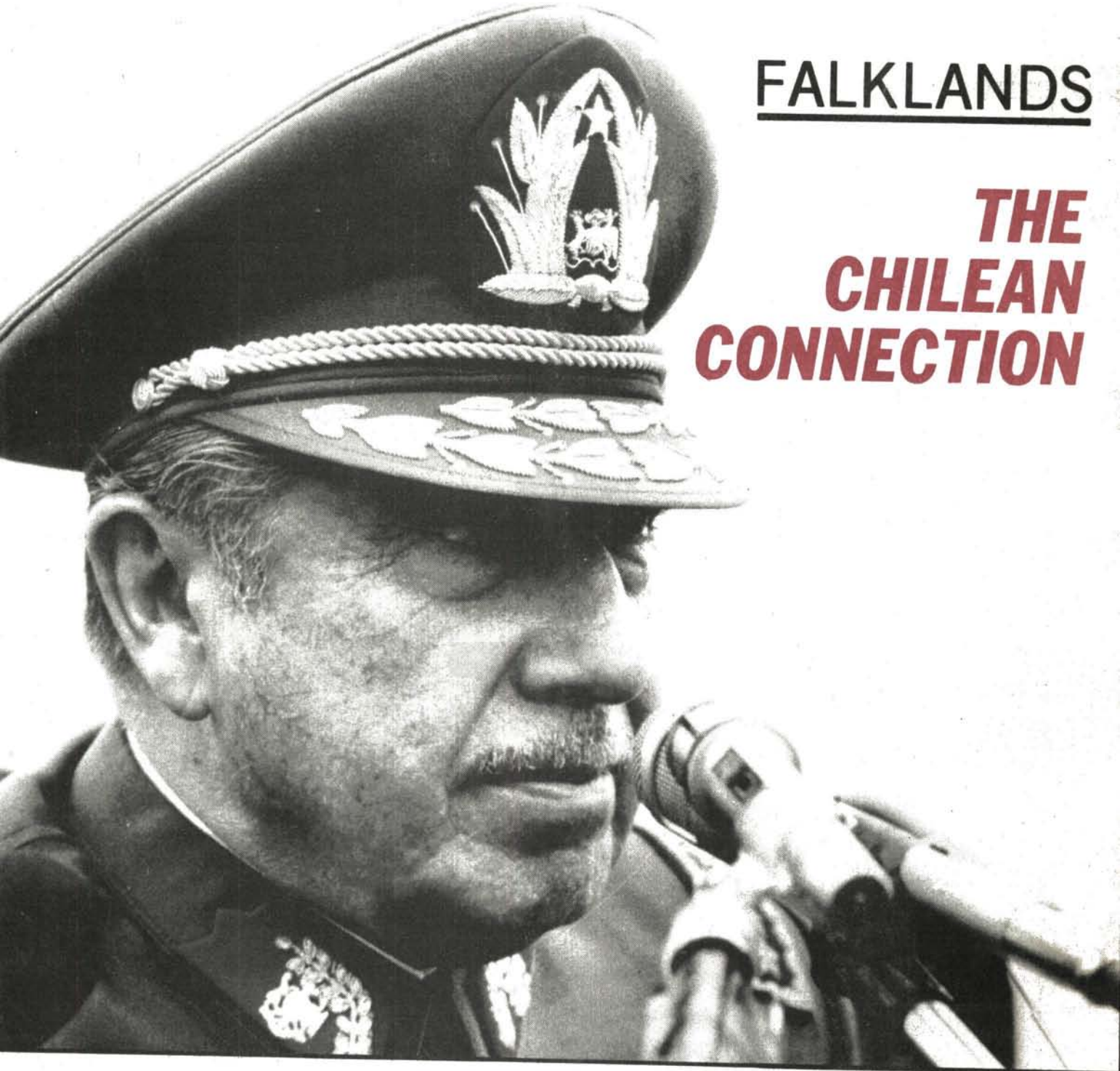

FALKLANDS

THE CHILEAN CONNECTION

PLUS: Oil v. coal • £'s crisis • Oliver Tambo & the ANC • CIA operations in Italy • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

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The Chile Connection
Duncan Campbell exposes Mrs Thatcher's secret deal with General Pinochet during the Falklands war 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: opti-pessimism 7
Sarah Benton: the Left's anti-sectarian ideal 10
Gavyn Davies: the dollar in your pocket 12
Pat Coyne: oil (or why Mrs T wants the coal strike to go on) 14
Joan Smith and Carol Baker: nuclear fallout secrets 15
Jolyon Jenkins: the (anti-) immigration service 16
Mary Holland: the Kerry babies 17

FOREIGN

Donald Sassoon: unsolved Italian bombings 20
Deborah Pugh: Sudan's Islamic regime in trouble 21
Howard Barrell: African National Congress for a people's war 22
Gary Mead: Polish justice 23

WEEKEND

Michelene Wandor on socialism and the Imagination, with a capital I 27

BOOKS

Bernard Crick: Constitution of society 30
Peter Howe: Poem 30
Stephen Brook: Prima Donnas 31
Liz Heron: Alison Lurie and other new fiction 31
Michael Leapman: Jan Morris 32
Nicci Gerrard: Women's lot 33
Shorter reviews 34

ARTS

John Coleman: Films 35
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 36
Barney Hoskyns: Beneath the Band Aid 37
Andrew Clements: Stockhausen 38

BACKCHAT

Christopher Price: Down at the Den 39
Weekend competition 39
Hugo Williams: Television 40
Crossword 41

PLUS

This England 16
Mediawatch: Indra de Lanerolle 18
Diary: Michael Leapman 19
Roger Woddis 19
Letters 24
Slump 24
Feedback 25-26

NEXT WEEK

Students a.id the Right
Profile of Kenneth Baker
Richard Hoggart on quangos

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New Statesman

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Goals of the miners' fight

WHEN THE MINER'S strike is over, the legends and the myths about the great struggle will soon begin to harden. Let us establish now some contemporary facts, before they can be distorted by that process.

The first such fact is that this huge industrial dispute was not a personal combat between Mrs Thatcher (with her factotum Ian MacGregor) and King Arthur. Mrs Thatcher deliberately used emotive language to suggest the Scargill was the Mephistophelian leader of the armies of darkness. Her deliberate use of the phrase 'the enemy within' gave away her own perspective. She was in her own view engaged in a civil war. For his part, Arthur Scargill has sometimes given the impression that the National Union of Mineworkers, under his leadership, was the industrial vanguard of a revolutionary movement that might shake the foundations of current British capitalism, or at least bring down Mrs Thatcher's government — either goal being evidently beyond the grasp of the present Labour Party or the rest of the labour movement.

But while it certainly suited the style and personal objectives of the two principal actors to allow the media to project the dispute in this personalised way, the miners' sustained resistance over this past year — sustained under conditions of great hardship — was not unquestioning obedience to the call for solidarity from the leadership of the national union. Militant union leadership, a fighting union organisation, even mass picketing, even intimidation, do not begin to explain the way in which the overwhelming majority of the workforce in the mining industry has dug in and fought so tenaciously for so long.

The key question here is why the NUM's battle cry — no pit closures on 'economic' grounds, only on grounds of exhaustion of all minable coal — proved to be such a rallying call. For those involved in coal or any other mining industry know from their history and personal experience that market demand and market prices affect how long mines keep working.

Under all governments since coal was nationalised, mines have closed. Under all governments since coal was nationalised the NCB's workforce has been running down by way of increasingly large voluntary redundancy programmes. The last two great coal disputes in 1972 and 1974 were not about mines closing and net job losses. Those disputes were about pay.

The reason why the response was so qualitatively different this time lies in the fact that, unlike the situation under the Tory government in 1974, the Thatcher government by 1984 had created a condition of despair about employment. (It is a condition which continues to deepen, when a Chancellor — faced with the real level of unemployment at 4 million and rising — can still say in public that the government's *overriding* economic priority remains to keep downward pressure on the rate of inflation.)

The Thatcher government added to the despair over employment its evident desire to mount a direct attack on the coal industry itself and on the NUM in particular. The country was to be made less dependent on deep-mined coal, not as part of some new thought-out long-term national energy policy, but as an end in itself. No attempt was made to work out a new 'plan for coal' in the light of the enormous demand, price and exchange rate

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changes that have taken place over the past decade. Instead, the provocative step was taken of bringing in an elderly American with no directly relevant experience to push through a crash pit closure programme.

Fight or abject surrender

The crude attack on the coal mining industry and on Arthur Scargill was, thus, from the start not experienced as an industrial dispute, but as an attack on whole mining communities. And in this coal strike, unlike previous ones, the response and the resistance has been from the *whole* mining community — men, women, shopkeepers, bank managers.

When a strike was just about money there was a calculus of the pros and cons of staying out on strike more or less long for more or less by way of settlement. In this dispute there has been no such calculus. Where an apparently hostile government, acting through an incompetent Coal Board, was determined without consultation to close pits on which whole communities wholly depended for employment and spending power, the only available options were to dig in for a long fight, or abject surrender.

Even now Mrs Thatcher appears determined to grind every grain of narrow and partisan political advantage from the final stages of the dispute. She deliberately scotched the informal 'talks about talks' between Mr Heathfield of the NUM and Mr Smith of the NCB which took place last week, as it became clear that a negotiated settlement was now a possibility. Cynics are speculating that at this delicate moment for world and therefore North Sea oil prices, Mrs Thatcher is happy for the strike to continue a while longer, in order to keep up the huge CEGB demand for oil to burn instead of coal. Chancellor Lawson's scope for tax cuts in March is critically dependent on oil revenue.

But the psychologically more convincing explanation in the Prime Minister's case is that she does not want a *negotiated* settlement. It has been a long war and she wants unconditional surrender. Nothing less. Such an attitude demonstrates total lack of concern for the future of the British coal industry after the dispute. Her absolute priority has been to win complete victory in what she has clearly seen throughout as her domestic equivalent of the Falklands War. The future consequences and the present costs are to her of no concern. We shall be suffering the political and moral consequences of this government's approach for decades — not least in the substantial erosion of civil liberties that have come to be accepted as normal by the police and the courts during its progress.

From the other side, the tragedy has been that Arthur Scargill and the rest of the NUM leadership has found itself at the head of this largely spontaneous and hugely powerful uprising of whole communities against what Thatcherite economic and industrial policy stands for; but have not been able, or known how, to lead it into constructive channels. So long as the other unions of the triple alliance did not wholeheartedly join the dispute, so long as the Notts coalfield continued to produce and so long as the supervisors continued to work, a completely determined government could hold out for longer than even the most determined strike.

What has not been achieved is to move the objectives of the strike from communal resistance as such against the Thatcher-MacGregor proposals to some more positively forward looking goals. The agenda for the strike (and the arguments about it) was set at the outset by the government. Scargill, for all his rhetorical skill and energy, has not been able to change it.

In this he was not unique. The Labour Party, too, has conspicuously failed to set a different agenda. What is required here is nothing less than a national energy policy, in which coal, of course, will have pride of place for as long as we can see. The core of such a policy must be the aim of producing energy at the cheapest possible long-term cost for the economy as a whole.

It is in many ways astonishing that government proceeds without any such plan. Under this government the priority has been to push ahead with nuclear power as fast as possible, in order to reduce the bargaining power of the NUM and because the scientists, industrialists and bureaucrats involved want to; and to use the power to regulate gas and electricity prices as a way of raising what are in effect indirect taxes. It is a wholly irrational basis on which to plan.

Equally, at present there is almost no attempt to cost the environmental aspects of energy production into the calculation on which long-term investment decisions are made. For example, as we reported last week, no allowance is made for the sulphur content of different kinds of coal. The NCB's whole case in the current dispute is that production must be switched to the new 'superpits' in central England from 'uneconomic' pits in other areas. But the coal in the new pits is so high in sulphur, that if expensive 'scrubbers' were required (as they will be in due course) in the power stations that burn it, the low sulphur coal from 'non-economic' Scots and Welsh pits would once again be competitive.

In the settlement and aftermath of this dispute the national debate must be shifted from the narrow book-keeping approach that Thatcherism has imposed on industrial and economic policy. The unions involved and the Left in general must urgently insist upon this new agenda. □

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GETTING YOUNGER EVERY DAY — IRATE SCOTTISH TEACHERS

IN A TACTIC that will be closely watched by their colleagues south of the Border, teachers in Scotland are deliberately targeting strike action at the constituencies of key Scottish Office ministers. ROB EDWARDS reports

THE AIM is to get ministerial acceptance of the teachers' central demand for an independent pay review. Last week three secondary schools in Ayr, represented by the Secretary of State for Scotland, George Younger, were forced to close. This week a fourth secondary school and three primary schools in his area were also hit, as were two high schools, one primary school and one nursery school in the Eastwood constituency of Scottish Office Education Minister Allan Stewart.

Next week the action is planned to escalate. More schools are to be shut down in Younger's and Stewart's areas — and another (as yet unnamed) minister's constituency is scheduled to be affected.

The tactic is the central one in a special five-week campaign being organised by the Educational Institute of Scotland (EIS), the trade union that represents 80 per cent of Scottish teachers. The moves in ministers' constituencies are being complemented by selective local action — this week affecting 18 schools in Orkney, Renfrewshire and Central Region.

Non-co-operation

Since August, teachers have also been boycotting curricular development, and working to contract. On 5 December there was a national one-day strike, followed a week later by three days of 'rolling strikes' around the country. This Tuesday the EIS announced that its members plan not to co-operate with procedures and documentation for certain exams, a manoeuvre approved by a seven to one majority of secondary school teachers in a secret ballot.

All EIS members were balloted last year over whether they approved of intensifying strike action in 1985. Of the 86 per cent who voted, over 75 per cent were in favour. Each school where strike action is planned is individually balloted to ensure that at least two-thirds of EIS members and more than 50 per cent of all staff support a strike: so far this has been the case in every school approached. Although there has been hostility in the past from two much smaller right-wing teachers' unions, they've recently begun organising supportive action.

Some Tory backing

The teachers' demand for an independent pay review has attracted impressively widespread support north of the Border. All Labour, Alliance and Scottish National Party MPs, plus two Conservative backbenchers, have backed the case.

Both photos: UPP

Doorstepped: George Younger (on top) and Allan Stewart (subordinate)

Unusually, the employers — local authorities as represented at the Scottish Joint Negotiating Committee (SJNC) — have also agreed that the only way forward is an independent review.

Only George Younger and his colleagues have persistently refused to adopt this course because, they say, it would be akin to writing the teachers a blank cheque. Following an approach from the SJNC, the unions and the employers are due to meet George Younger early next week in another attempt to persuade him to change his mind. ●

Now the Lords bang away at over-mighty Customs

THE HORNETS NEST Customs & Excise has stirred up round its own ears by its repeated detentions and seizures of imported lesbian and gay reading matter — some of it freely published in UK editions (*NS* 4 January and passim) — has now spread buzzing from the Commons to the Lords.

The gathering impression that both the statute law and the executive conduct prevailing in Customs need overhauling (viz leading London Tory MP John Wheeler's freely stated distaste for 'South African style policing of our borders by Customs') has yielded one move in the Lords, and will soon yield another.

On Thursday 17 January SDP peer Lord Hutchinson tried to amend the Prosecution of Offences Bill in committee in order to give the coming Independent Prosecution Service the duty of taking over all Customs proposals for prosecutions in the area of 'indecency and obscenity'.

And on 31 January an amendment to the Lords committee stage of the Administration of Justice Bill will seek to bring Customs law as regards 'indecent and obscene' material — derived from the antediluvian Customs Consolidation Act of 1876 — *into line with the domestic regulations of the Obscene Publications Acts (1959 and 1964),* which permit defences of literary or other merit.

Meanwhile the timetable of the looming 'show trial' — prosecution of the directors and a staff member of Gay's the Word bookshop by Customs & Excise on 100 charges, primarily of alleged conspiracy to evade restrictions on imports of 'indecent and obscene' matter — seems to be getting clearer.

A magistrates court hearing postponed from 7 January is set for 26 February; committal proceedings for April or May; and probably a major trial, which could last as long as six weeks, in February or March 1986. Other than the *Gay News* 'blasphemous libel' case of 1977 it looks like constituting the most crucial trial of lesbian and gay writing since the 1928 prosecution of Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness.*

Andrew Lumsden

A £50,000 appeal has been launched by Defend Gay's the Word Campaign. Cheques/POs can be sent to DGTW at 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1.

At last! CRE to publish its blockbuster on immigration

THE INTERMINABLY AWAITED report by the Commission for Racial Equality (CRE) on British immigration control procedures, at last due to be published 12 February, will illuminate the effects that existing procedures have on some officials' behaviour.

*In this the report will form a striking parallel to the initially suppressed 1984 findings of the Policy Studies Institute (PSI) about offensive behaviour by a minority of DHSS staff (*NS *27 July 1984), not to mention the earlier PSI evidence of racist attitudes in the Met.*

Since starting up its research in 1980 the CRE has had unique access to internal Immigration Service records. 'Looks like an Asian Robin Hood', it has found in the files, and: 'talks drivel', 'arrant nonsense'. Also: 'I want to do this reinterview myself. Hands off. This must be this year's strongest refusal'.

A note from a senior reads: 'Well done. Looks as if you've hit the jackpot again. We'd better make arrangements for the UK lot to be rounded up'. Instances are cited of officials giving off an impression of being bored or irritated with their work. . . tapping their pencils or drumming their fingers on the table, or taking lengthy phone calls in the middle of interviews. . . An ECO (Entry Clearance Officer) loses his temper and starts shouting at the applicant. . .

According to unofficial Heathrow 'training material': 'Ghanaians are like lost and confused children, ill prepared for their proposed travels. . .'

The NS *has seen one of the scarce draft copies of the massive CRE report, whose main points (outlined in the* Sunday Times *13 January) are that far too much stress is placed on detection of bogus applicants for entry to the UK, at unacceptable cost to race relations — which is the fault of Home Office guidelines. And that superficial training courses make home and consular officers unfit to assess applicants, particularly those from the Indian sub-continent.*

Jolyon Jenkins

See also the Yasmin Mundiya case, this issue p.14

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Ag & Fish cold shoulder the nuclear winter hypothesis

THE FIRST VERBAL exchange in the Commons about the doomsday hypothesis of a 'nuclear winter' is due to take place on Thursday 24 January — for all of half an hour.

John Home-Robertson, Labour MP for East Lothian and a front-bench spokesperson on Agriculture, will be asking in an adjournment debate about government plans to update *Home defence and the farmer*, first published in 1958.

Robertson will warn the Home Office that substantial changes need to be made, not least in the light of the theory of nuclear winter which predicts that after a nuclear war the world will be plunged into darkness and sub-zero temperatures, killing plants and animals. The '58 handbook advises farmers, for example, that 'trees would give some protection to cows in the path of fall-out'.

However, the booklet *has* in fact already been revised — though not yet published. It was due to be released late last year, along with a wodge of Home Office circulars on civil defence.

From fear that it could be held up for ridicule, it was delayed for detailed inspection by (farmer) Lord Whitelaw. If all goes to plan it will be sent out with another tranche of circulars in February. (The Home Office now prefers to send out its papers en masse so that some at least will slip through the net of the press).

As to nuclear winter, Home-Robertson has already put written questions to Peggy Fenner, a Parliamentary Secretary to the minister of agriculture. Her replies have included an assertion that the government can't act on the nuclear winter theory 'because the problem isn't amenable to experimental investigation'.

'Does this mean' asks Home-Robertson, 'that they won't take it seriously until they see it happen?' In another reply, Fenner said the theory's unreliable because at least six of the scientists involved in the study have expressed reservations about its validity. Home-Robertson has since checked out three of those names.

One, Richard Turco, has recently completed a tour of Britain explaining the importance of the theory. Another, Oxford-based Norman Myers, says he's 'astonished' by Fenner's claim. And a third, Carl Sagan, is campaigning in the States on the issue. 'I can only conclude that I was deliberately misinformed', says Home-Robertson.

Jane Dibblin

Loony illustration from the 1950s Ag & Fish outpouring

HILDA MURRELL MURDER

Murrell's work

NEW EVIDENCE that something more than £50 in cash may have been stolen from the house of murdered Hilda Murrell (killed 24 March 1984) has come to light. She may have *finished* the paper she was working on for the Sizewell enquiry, which it was supposed she'd had no chance to do. Both Diana Gold, a friend from Shrewsbury, and Helen Paling-Wright, a nuclear physicist living near Hilda Murrell's second home in Wales, state that she told them it was complete. Appointments with both women were in her diary. In a further development, a man who is an accredited counsellor to people with sexual problems (and who accordingly wishes at this stage to be anonymous) says police visited him hours *before* Murrell's body was discovered to ask if he knew of anyone fitting the description of a loner with sexual problems, who might break into women's bedrooms and possibly be violent.

Judith Cook

MISCELLANY

The wages of din

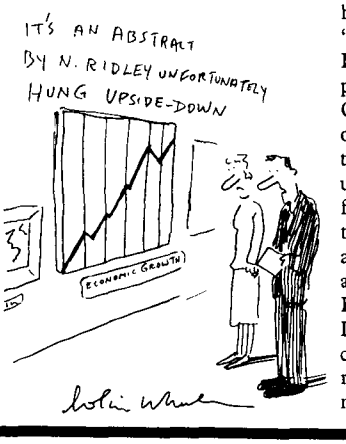
The glare of publicity about the collapse of Sir Michael Edwardes' delightful £1.3 million share options at Dunlop has left the chair and senior executives of British Telecom hiding their telephones under a bushel. Take eg Sir George Jefferson, the BT chair himself. Pa Bell's wages, you'll have seen, have just been lifted from £84,000 to £160,000 a year. Under the BT top executives' share option scheme (*Miscellany* 30 November 1984) this bumps up his options entitlement from about £400,000 worth of BT shares to £640,000 worth *at a stroke*. Assume that BT shares go up only a miserly 20 per cent over the next three years and we estimate that Sir George, if he takes up his full option rights, will stand to net a tax-free £128,000, equal to £320,000 in taxed salary. It would take about a couple of centuries to save that sum on the dole even if you were Diogenes in a barrel and saved 25 per cent of benefit. BT hasn't yet operated the scheme. If it had done so at the earliest possible opportunity (12 December last year), BT's top execs would have made a killing, snapping up options at 96p. The shares are already up to 133p.

Ghost in the Academe

Ghostbusters, your chance has come. The Koestler chair of parapsychology at Edinburgh university is being advertised. To be funded from a legacy left by Arthur Koestler after he and his wife committed suicide in 1983, it will involve, says the ad for applicants, 'the scientific study of "paranormal phenomena" '. In particular, 'the capacity attributed to some individuals to interact with their external environment by means other than the recognised sensory or motor channels'. Ah, like Peter Walker with the Sunday Times *leader writers.*

Ridley-me-ree

Distinguished painter Nicholas Ridley (*hobby*: Transport minister) should go back — when should he not? — to the drawing board. 'The last two years and next year together will see the highest rate of economic growth in British history since 1066' said he to the *Financial Times* on 22 December. Well, we've been looking into it. Stockbrokers Simon & Coates predict 1983-85 growth of 8.2 per cent. Even mad monetarist professor Patrick Minford's forecasts tot up to no more than 9.6 per cent. Yet, go back to the Barber boom of 1970-73 and we find 12 per cent growth over three years (from 2nd quarter 1970). Or take the biggest Go of the Stop-Go years (1962-64): 12.9 per cent growth over three years. Meanwhile, our medieval economic historian readers can perhaps tell us whether economic growth beat 12.9 per cent in the last three years of Edward the Confessor's reign, as Ridley implies. Of course 1066 ended with total nationalisation, followed immediately by the biggest privatisation in UK history. Oh *that's* what's going on: not Victorian values. Norman ones.



Starring rôles

The Morning Star*'s doughty defence of its own newly discovered prerogatives against Euro-Comm insurgents from Party HQ threatens to degenerate from high drama to absurdity and squalor. Rob Rolfe, the paper's assistant circulation manager, who takes the side of the Party, was visited last week by a colleague who disliked his views and beat him up. Rolfe had to be taken to hospital. The* Star *management however is determined to maintain standards. Having searched high and low for a new foreign editor to replace veteran Sam Russell — whose memories of years of Party shenanigans many are trying to prise from him — they came up with one Roger Trask. While Trask's talents in journalism and foreign affairs are sure to be all that could be desired, he's best-known so far as the ex-hardline organiser for the recalcitrant London district who was expelled from the Party two weeks ago.*

Ana Gram madcaps (13)

Ana is back! Still basking in your brilliant decipherment of Nigel Lawson ('WE ALL SIGN ON' — oh, unforgettable!), Ana has been joyously leafing through your ideas about John Selwyn Gummer. Deeply tricky, you found him. Everyone's seen *Dune*, so vermiform solutions came from all over: 'Jungle worm's hymen' from Stuart Skyte of W5, and 'NUJ gel's hymen worm' from Les Leeds of Chesham Bois, which probably offends against the NUJ Code of Conduct. Political anagrams of Gum-Gum are so hard to come by that he's clearly (as if we didn't know) unsuited to his profession. Let's forget Gummer . . . Did you know that Galileo used to send his astronomical findings out in Latin anagrams for fear of HM Customs & Excise — sorry, for fear of the Inquisition? Our transport correspondent has made a special request: that you excavate the messages in Nicholas Ridley.

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JOBLESS - BECAUSE HIS MOTHER'S AN ACTIVIST?

THE FAIR EMPLOYMENT ACT (Northern Ireland) has been used to exclude a Belfast youth from employment with the Northern Ireland Electricity Service (NIES) on 'security' grounds — but no evidence has as yet been publicly laid against him. Under the Act he has no right of appeal. MARTIN BROWN reports on a mother's fight for her son's right to work

A 99 per cent job chance just wasn't enough — Terrence Reilly

SECTION 42(I) of the Act was used in 1983 to exclude Terrence Reilly, of Turf Lodge, Belfast, from work with the Electricity Service on 'security grounds'.

Mrs Reilly sought to take out a case for damages for unfair discrimination by the NIES but it had to be dropped last December because secrecy clauses in the Act excluded bringing crucial evidence.

Under the Act a public employer can apply to the Northern Ireland Office for a security certificate excluding a named person from their employment for reasons of 'safeguarding national security or the protection of public safety or public order'. The Act doesn't require the Northern Ireland Office to give any reasons for issuing the security certificate nor does it require the Office to inform the person of what evidence there is against them.

In February 1983 Terrence Reilly applied to the Northern Ireland Electricity Service for a job as an apprentice electrician. He passed an interview, a medical and a climbing test (the job involved erecting overhead cables), and was told by a senior supervisor at the NIES that he was '99 per cent certain' to get a job.

But two weeks later Terrence received a letter telling him he *hadn't* got the job. His mother took his case to the Fair Employment Agency, set up in 1976 under the Fair Employment Act, and asked them to investigate.

After more than a year the Agency replied saying that 'as a result of your complaint, the Northern Ireland Electricity Service applied for a Security Certificate under section 42(I) of the Fair Employment (NI) Act 1976.' Under the terms of the Act once a security certificate has been issued the Agency must cease its investigation.

'If you speak out...'

Terrence Reilly, who's 16, has never been arrested or convicted of any offence, and, according to his mother Clara, isn't even interested in politics. She believes her son was barred from work with the NIES because of her involvement in the human rights group the Association for Legal Justice. The Association cooperated with Amnesty International in its report on the Castlereagh interrogation centre and has contributed to two international tribunals on the use of plastic bullets.

'If you speak out against what's happening over here you're classed as a terrorist. And I think my family is suffering because I'm speaking out', Clara Reilly said in an interview last year (1984).

But it has also been suggested that the NIES is deliberately discriminating against Catholic applicants to maintain the high proportion of loyalists among its employees. It was NIES loyalist employees who lead the strike against power sharing in 1974. Another Catholic youth was turned down for an apprenticeship at the same time and under similar circumstances as Terrence Reilly.

When questioned in the House of Commons about security certificates Adam Butler, Deputy Secretary of State for Northern Ireland until last autumn, told SDLP leader John Hume that 14 security certificates had been signed since the Act was passed in 1976, but no record of the number of applications had been kept. There's therefore no way of knowing how many, if any, applications have been applied for and refused.

How many are listed?

And since the certificates are only issued after an appeal over a job refusal has been lodged there's also no way of knowing how many people in Northern Ireland who haven't appealed have been classified as security risks without their knowledge and without any evidence being publicly laid against them.

The case is now to go back to the Fair Employment Agency. Mrs Reilly's lawyers believe that the Agency may not be using its investigative powers to the full — especially as the security certificate in reference to Terrence was signed by the Secretary of State more than *ten months* after the Agency first received Mrs Reilly's complaint against the NIES. ●

Rule 43b protest erupts in top-security prison

PRISONERS at Hull maximum security prison have circulated a petition expressing concern about the treatment of 'lifer' John Bowden. A copy of the petition was sent to *Fight Racism: Fight Imperialism*! (newspaper of the Revolutionary Communist Group) who have passed it on to the *NS*.

The petition says: 'We the undersigned prisoners are anxious to make it clear to the administration that we are concerned with the unjustified detention in isolation of John Bowden.' Fellow-prisoners describe the treatment of Bowden as 'inhuman victimisation' and demand that he 'now be treated as any other prisoner allocated to a long term prison'.

Bowden is serving life with a minimum recommended sentence of 25 years for murder. In January 1983 he took part in the Parkhurst prison siege when he and another prisoner, Jimmy McCraig, took assistant Governor Gerry Scholfield hostage for 36 hours. For this, in May 1984, he was given an additional sentence of 10 years.

John Bowden is segregated under Prison Rule 43b which allows for a prisoner to be isolated for the purpose of 'good order and discipline'. This rule does not require any adjudicatory process to take place. Prisoners aren't usually given any reason for the segregation and therefore have no opportunity to defend themselves. There's no appeal against Rule 43b segregation and no effective limit on its duration. Prison reform groups have consistently demanded the abolition of this arbitrary and unlimited power to place prisoners in solitary confinement. The deleterious effect of lengthy periods of solitary confinement on mental and physical well-being are well known. ●

18 months solitary

From January 1983 to July 1984 Bowden was kept in continuous solitary confinement — a period of 18 months. At the beginning of July he was transferred to Gartree prison and released from solitary. Three weeks later, without warning, he was transferred to Winson Green Prison and put back into solitary confinement.

On 25 September he was transferred to Lincoln prison — still in solitary confinement. Here, he alleges, he was threatened with physical assault, went on 'dirty' protest and was then actually assaulted. The Home Office says he was 'forcibly restrained using the minimum force necessary.' There was still no explanation of his continued solitary confinement. He was then sent to Durham and finally, on 17 December, to Hull. On arrival at Hull, Bowden had spent five continuous months in solitary.

According to information from prisoners, he was then assaulted at Hull on 2 January this year. The Home Office has confirmed that an incident took place on that day, but claim that Bowden attempted to assault a senior officer.

According to the Home Office another prisoner who was on a no-smoking punishment offered to give the tobacco he couldn't himself use to Bowden. Prison officers ruled that Bowden couldn't be given the tobacco until the prisoner's no-smoking punishment had ended. Thus arose the incident. Bowden hasn't been charged with any offence.

Bowden has now completed six months in solitary. In the last 25 months, he has spent 24 in solitary confinement. Prisoners at Gartree believe him to be the victim of a policy of 'revenge' for his part in the Parkhurst hostage incident. They point out that he has been given a sentence of 10 years for that and shouldn't be subjected to additional 'unofficial' punishment.

The Home Office says that it is not policy to reveal the reasons for Rule 43b solitary confinement. The copy of the Hull prisoners' petition was forwarded without any attached list of signatories.

Terry O'Halloran

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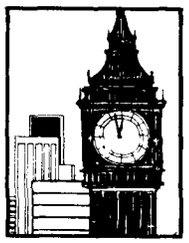

PETER KELLNER

An olive branch for Labour's pessimists

MY OLD FRIENDS Percy Potter, the perennial pessimist, and the ever optimistic Olive Optima were in more than usually argumentative mood when I bumped into them at Westminster the other day.

Percy: If that's their idea of helping the Labour Party, Olive, I'd like to know what they would do when they are trying to hurt the Party.

Olive: Keep it in proportion, Percy. All that happened was that a group of backbenchers sought to exercise their right to call for a debate on the miners. They may have been a little vigorous in their methods, but what do you expect when both the Labour and Tory front benches conspire to prevent the Commons debating the miners' strike?

P: Come on, Olive, that's not the point. It wasn't simply a handful of innocent backbenchers letting their indignation show — it was a deliberate attempt by experienced politicians like Tony Benn to embarrass Neil Kinnock.

O: Nonsense. If anyone was to blame for blowing this up into an internal party conflict it was Neil himself — the way he used his Thursday afternoon lobby briefing to attack Labour MPs. It would have been bad enough if he had spoken off-the-record, as he normally does. But to choose to go on the record and say of the Campaign Group, 'I don't know who they are trying to help' — that statement did more than any action by the Left to cause trouble.

P: I just don't know how you can say that, Olive, and keep a straight face. Surely you understand, even if some comrades do not, that adventurist tactics by the Left are bound to hurt the party. Why don't they accept, as Kinnock said on television on Sunday, that people who play together in the same team ought to accept some team discipline?

O: That may be what Kinnock things now, but it's not how he used to think. Remember, he made his name within the Labour Party as a rebel. Look how he used to behave when Labour was last in office, with its slender majority. He did his utmost to prevent the Labour government implementing its policy on devolution. Indeed, he was so vehement in his attack on the party leadership that the transport workers even considered withdrawing his union sponsorship. I'm not saying he was wrong on the issue — but if he defends his right to dissent then, he can hardly attack his current dissenters today.

P: But there's all the difference in the world between an individual, principled stand on an issue and last week's act of collective hooliganism. And there's another difference. As a backbencher when Labour was in government, Kinnock had no say in who joined the cabinet. But in opposition, all Labour MPs have a chance to vote for the shadow cabinet. Minorities can't take part in those elections and then disregard the decisions of the group they helped to elect.

O: I wondered when you would start saying that the shadow cabinet represents the whole of the PLP. It's nonsense, Percy, as you well know. The right-wing completely dominates it — and there aren't any really tough left-wingers there.

P: Pull the other one — what about Michael Meacher: he was, after all, the Left's candidate only eighteen months ago against Roy Hattersley for the deputy leadership?

O: Meacher, schmeacher. A splendid fellow — he's doing a wonderful job shadowing health and social security. But don't you see, he is no longer a down-the-line left-winger. Why do you think he was voted onto the shadow cabinet again?

P: Because he is good at his job?

O: *Precisely*. If he had stood simply as a left-winger, he would have been kicked off, just like Eric Heffer. The thing about the way the shadow cabinet is elected is that the only left-wingers who get on are those whom enough MPs outside the far Left are prepared to tolerate. That's why Tony Benn and Eric Heffer can't get elected — and therefore why the voice of the real Left isn't heard at shadow cabinet meetings.

P: So, they put up candidates, they don't get them elected — hard cheese. If the 'real Left' as you call it — that's a bit arrogant, but I'll let it pass — can't stitch their act together, that's their fault.

O: No, Percy, the point is that it's not their fault. Labour MPs elect 15 people to the shadow cabinet. Add Kinnock and Hattersley and what do we find — 12 right-wingers and five from the centre-left. The PLP may be more right-wing than the party at large, but not by that margin. The real reason for that right-wing dominance lies in the electoral system. Each MP can put his or her cross against up to 15 names — and the 15 with the highest votes win.

P: What's wrong with that?

O: It means that if any faction has a majority, however narrow, among PLP members, it can in theory control *all* the places on the shadow cabinet. If, say, 105 out of Labour's 209 MPs all vote for the same slate, then that slate would get elected in its entirety, whatever the other 104 want.

P: But you know as well as I do that that's not what happens. A lot of MPs think for themselves.

O: True, and that's the sole reason why there are any people even from the centre-left on the shadow cabinet. The real answer would be to elect the shadow cabinet by single transferable vote. Then all wings of the PLP would be properly represented, Tony Benn and Eric Heffer would certainly get on. They could argue their case inside the shadow cabinet and the party would be run far more effectively in Parliament.

P: That's dangerous talk, Olive. STV is the system used by the SDP to elect their national committee — and it's the system of proportional representation they want for general elections. If you start down that path, you will end up having PR for everything. It would be the thin end of the wedge.

O: Ah yes, our old friend the wedge, thin end of. That's an old Conservative chestnut —

P: We're talking about wedges, not chestnuts.

O: Stop being pedantic! My argument is that people who oppose reform of any kind usually say: 'If we do such-and-such, which may be a good thing, today, then we cannot stop this-and-that tomorrow, which will end civilisation as we know it'. That's a lousy argument for blocking change, as you well know.

P: Even if you are right, you are not talking practical politics. You know, and I know, that there is not the faintest chance of the shadow cabinet election system being changed.

O: True, but that shouldn't blind us to the fact that part of the reason for last week's incident — and for any future action by left-wing MPs — is that the Left has been systematically excluded from the shadow cabinet.

P: OK, but we are where we are. Let's get back to the real world of politics and the real job of fighting the Tories. Unless we display some kind of unity, we cannot possibly hope to win the next general election. Last week's Gallup Poll showed that 75 per cent of voters think that Labour is too split and divided. You don't seriously think that we can win the 117 Tory seats we need while we have that sort of image, do you?

O: You and your polls! If you had your way Labour wouldn't have any real policies of its own — just a computer programme telling us to say what the public already thinks. We are here to change public opinion, not merely accept it as it is.

P: I agree entirely. But we still need to know what the range of opinions is that we seek to change. Anyway, drink up — I must get back for my ward's AGM.

O: You're not just a pessimist, I see, but a masochist. Still, it takes all sorts. □

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THE CHILE CONNECTION

In the Falklands War, the British government claimed it was standing up to General Galtieri's dictatorship in Argentina. Foreign Secretary Francis Pym made much of Argentina's 'systematic contempt of all human rights'. He proclaimed: 'Britain does not appease dictators'. Mrs Thatcher on the Jimmy Young programme claimed: 'It's Britain who stands up for democracy'. But all the while Mrs Thatcher's government was doing secret deals with General Pinochet's government in Chile — one of the most brutally repressive régimes in South America. **Duncan Campbell** *reveals how Britain gave military equipment to Pinochet and turned a blind eye to human rights violations in return for extensive clandestine help against Argentina*

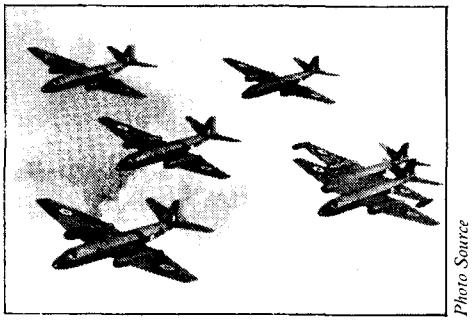


Photo Source

ARGENTINA INVADED the Falklands on 2 April 1982. Within a week a series of 'understandings' had been arranged with the Chileans through Mr John Heath, the British Ambassador in Santiago. Several civil servants and one minister in the Thatcher government at the time have confirmed to us details of Britain's secret deal with Pinochet.

The understandings were set out in a series of top secret telegrams sent by the Ambassador from Santiago to the Foreign Office in London. Two of them explicitly state that arrangements for British use of Chilean bases had the 'full approval of the President (Pinochet) and Cabinet'. Another acknowledges that, in return for Chilean military help, Britain would do its best to get the United Nations to 'lay off' Chile on human rights issues.

Under the terms of the understandings, Britain gained:

- Use of Punta Arenas, an air base in southern Chile, for RAF spy planes, disguised in Chilean markings.
- Use of Punta Arenas and other areas to infiltrate SAS special forces into Argentina for espionage and to destroy Argentine aircraft on the ground;
- A complete exchange of intelligence, including monitoring and codebreaking of Argentine signals carried out by Chilean Naval Intelligence staff.

The Chilean government gained:

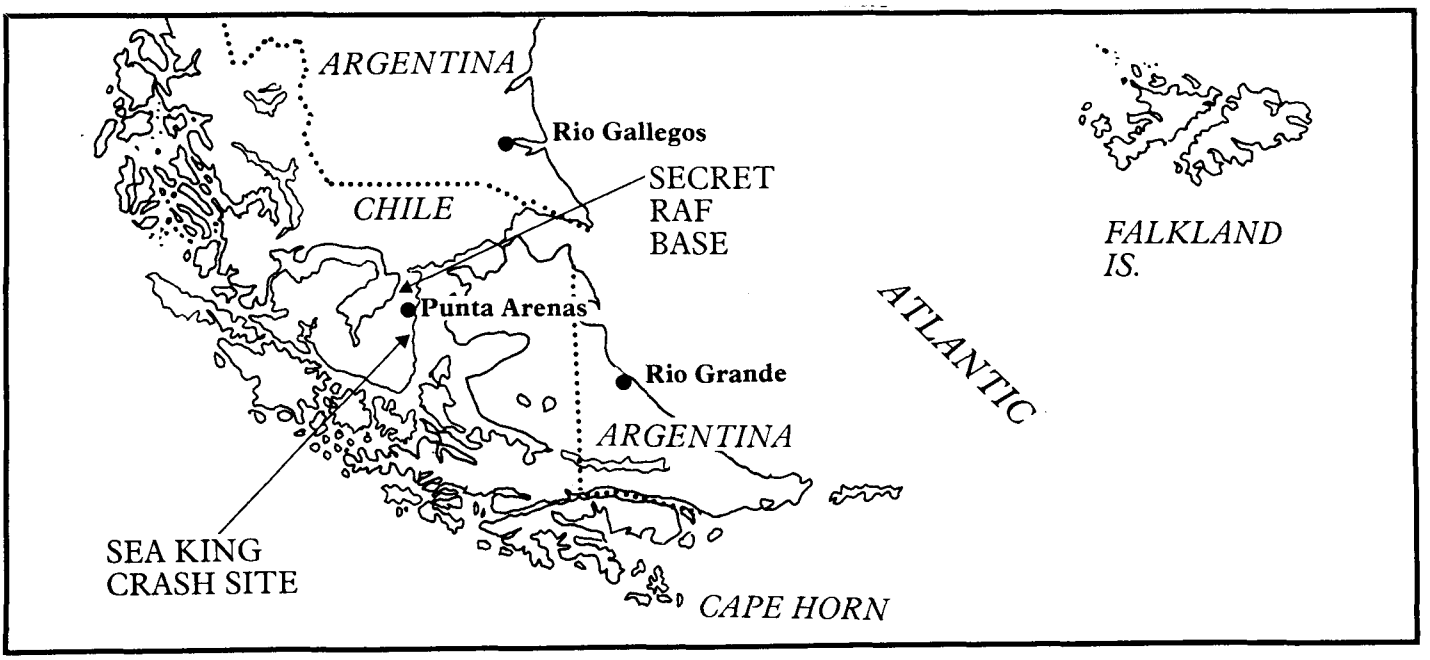
- RAF Canberra aircraft used in the secret operation, which were to be turned over the Chile when the war was over.
- A squadron of RAF Hawker Hunter aircraft, most of which was delivered to Chile after the war started.
- Britain's support in undermining United Nations investigations into Chilean human rights abuses, by opposing the reappointment of the UN's special investigators.
- The dropping of British restrictions on arms sales to Chile. (Supplies during 1982 also included enriched uranium, and the offer of a British magnox nuclear reactor: (*NS* 18.2.83.)

Chile was pleased with these secret arrangements. In 1982, its longstanding dispute with Argentina over the sovereignty of three small islands in the Beagle Channel, which divides the two countries as their southeastern extremities, had come to a head. General Pinochet's government hoped that a British victory in the Falklands would undermine Argentine determination to keep the islands. It did; by a subsequent peace treaty, the islands have been established as belonging to Chile.

During the Falklands War, according to a well-informed senior civil servant, the British government made concerted attempts to keep references to the Chile deal out of British papers. The House of Commons have also repeatedly been misled about the deal with Chile; on 5 July 1982, for example, Foreign Office Minister Cranley Onslow was asked 'whether any bilateral agreements have been made between the republic of Chile and the United Kingdom during the last 12 months'. The answer, Mr Harvey Proctor was told, was 'none'. But just two months before, according to information given to the *NS* last week, a top secret telegram from Santiago had gone to Foreign Office Permanent Secretary Sir Antony Acland and MoD Permanent Secretary Sir Frank Cooper, expressing the Chilean Cabinet's 'satisfaction' at the benefits to Chile from the secret agreements. Both Ministries have now clammed up about Chile; MoD representatives would not deny the details of the secret understandings, asserting that 'we do not comment on operational deployments'.

PART ONE of the secret operation was the transfer of long range RAF spy planes to southern Chile. In mid-April, half a squadron

British Canberra photoreconnaissance aircraft (similar to above) flew secretly to Chile in April 1982: En route, they were disguised in Chilean airforce markings



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Secret 'understandings': British ambassador to Chile John Heath greets General Pinochet

of Canberra PR9s, normally based at RAF Wyton near Huntingdon; were flown secretly to Belize, the ex-British colony and military base in central America. They were there repainted in Chilean Air Force markings and flew on, illegally and without clearance, over central America and on to Punta Arenas. The identity of the countries illegally overflown — probably Honduras and El Salvador — is not known for certain.

'At least' six Canberras were involved, according to official sources. The Canberra PR9 is specially built for long range, high altitude photography. At its normal operating height in excess of 60,000 feet, the Canberras were quite immune to attack by the Argentine Air Force.

The operation of the Canberras was easily concealed at Punta Arenas, where Chilean F5 jet fighters were in continual operation to keep Argentine defences stretched towards the west and south as well as towards the Falklands. By 10 April, before the Canberras arrived, all the windows of the civil air terminal at Punta Arenas airfield were whitewashed, with guards posted to prevent anyone looking through cracks. Flight crews aboard Chilean civil airliners were instructed to ensure that passenger blinds were pulled down during landings and takeoffs 'for reasons of national security'.

The same precautions were not, however, in force at Santiago airport in mid-May, where ITN reporter Jon Snow saw two Canberras in Chilean markings, amongst a group of military aircraft including heavy US Air Force transports. Two ex-RAF Canberras PR9s are now officially on the strength of the Chilean Air Force (a third crashed in 1983). But none of these aircraft were 'officially' delivered until October 1982, five months after they were sighted in Santiago.

With an operating range of about 2,000 miles, the Canberras had no difficulty covering all important Argentine targets. The three main southern Argentine air bases — Rio Grande, Rio Gallegos, and Ushuaia, were all less than 160 miles from Punta Arenas, a mere 20 minutes flying time: Port Stanley and the Falklands, about 400 miles away, less than an hour's flight.

A top RAF intelligence expert, Group Captain David L. Edwards, went to Chile to take charge of the secret operation. Group Captain Edwards liaised directly with the Chief of the Chilean Air Force, General Fernando Matthei. Edwards was at the time the Chief Intelligence Officer at RAF Strike Command Headquarters, High Wycombe.

On 28 May 1982, with most of its Canberra aircraft in Chile, No 39 Squadron at Wyton was formally disbanded. At the beginning of 1982, it had 15 aircraft — 13 of them flying. On 28 May, only a single aircraft could be found for the memorial flypast, according to the official paper *RAF News*.

On 15 October 1982, three Canberras with Chilean markings were observed departing RAF Wyton, accompanied by a Chilean Air Force Boeing 707 transport. Although this may be presumed to have been the overt, 'official' delivery to Chile, the Ministry of Defence still persistently refuses to answer Parliamentary Questions about arms sales to Chile.

Because of the growing flow of military supplies from Britain, the Chilean Air Force set up a depot at Luton Airport. Chilean Boeing 707s visited Luton at least twice in October and November 1982 en route to collect Canberra military spares. Although only three Canberras appear to have been given 'officially' to Chile, a significant number of the old 39 Squadron aircraft have allegedly been placed 'in store'. It is possible that Chile may have received as many as six.

THE SECOND SECRET OPERATION was the setting up of a base for the SAS in Chile. The most spectacular SAS mission from Chile was an attempt, just before the British landings in the Falklands on 20 May, to destroy Argentine Exocet-carrying Super Etendard aircraft on the ground at their airbase, Rio Grande. This mission has been confirmed to the *NS* by a member of the British government at the time.

Before ordering special forces into Argentina on such a risky sabotage mission, the Prime Minister's South Atlantic 'war cabinet', known as OD(SA), sought advice on its legality. They were told that an attack on the Argentine mainland would be legal under the terms of Article 51 of the United Nations treaty, provided the attack was 'very, very specifically' limited to military aircraft or stores which 'had been used to attack British forces'. As to the secret reconnaissance overflights, OD(SA) was also told: 'Airspace violations happen all the time'.

We have not been able to establish with certainty whether or not the SAS raid destroyed the Etendards. But early in June 1982, ITN reporter Jon Snow, who was based in Punta Arenas throughout the war, was taken to the offices of Chilean Naval Intelligence specialist, Mario Burgos. Burgos was one of a number of Chilean intelligence officials collaborating directly with the British intelligence. Snow was shown the intelligence centre at the Punta Arenas base where the Chileans tapped Argentine telex messages, and intercepted and decoded their military and naval radio signals.

On this occasion, Snow was shown a blowup of a high level aerial photograph of the apron (aircraft parking area) at Rio Grande, then the main Argentine Etendard base. Six aircraft were lined up beside the runway. Five of them were burnt-out wrecks. The photograph shown to Snow is evidence of continuing British spy flights over Argentine, though the Chilean official ascribed the photograph to their own sources.

The Argentine government never admitted any Etendard losses. (The timing of the deliveries of the 14 Etendards that Argentina originally ordered from France also remains a mystery.) What is known is that the Etendards were very seldom sent into action. Apart from the firing of one Exocet missile to sink the *Atlantic Conveyor* on 25 May, there are no reliable reports of any Etendard activities after the 20 May mission.

The raid on the Etendards was intended to put them out of action before the task force — and in particular large, difficult-to-defend targets like the troop carrier *Canberra* — moved westwards to San Carlos sound for the landing. On 11 May, a group of 14 SAS and secret service men were 'transferred' to the Parachute Regiment (*NS* 12 August 1983). An MoD official later explained that the group, headed by ex-SAS officer Lieutenant-Colonel M. Tudor, 'were not what you would call orthodox army officers'; they were being 'attached to units to give them an identity'.

The secret SAS operation was nearly exposed when, on 18 May, a Royal Navy Sea King helicopter was forced to land at Agua Fresca, between Punta Arenas and Dawson Island. Dawson Island, a notorious concentration camp used by the Pinochet regime for holding and torturing political prisoners, was also rumoured to be a secret British military base, according to reports from Chile intercepted by the BBC Monitoring Service.

The Royal Navy crew 'disappeared' for

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several days and were then 'discovered' walking into Punta Arenas. In fact at least one crew member was picked up after signalling to a searching Chilean Navy helicopter. Chileans digging for gold in the area who saw this happen — and who reported what they had seen to Jon Snow — were later warned by Chilean secret police to say nothing.

Although Chile issued a cosmetic note of protest to Britain about the crash, the three crew of the British helicopter were co-operatively treated and hurried out of the country. In London, the Ministry of Defence contrived to mislead the press into reporting that the helicopter was on anti-submarine operations from a task force ship and had lost its way. In fact, it was operating from Chile and carried no anti-submarine equipment.

CHILE REAPED the benefits of the secret deal within days of the Argentine invasion. Eight RAF Hunters flew to Abingdon from Brawdy in Wales by 20 April, and, like the Canberras, were repainted in Chilean colours. On 24 April and 22 May, Boeing 747 freighters of Los Angeles Flying Tiger Airlines transported the Hunters to Chile. (A third delivery in January 1983 completed the British gift to Chile of a Hunter squadron.)

RAF Hunter pilots went secretly to Chile and stayed to help 'train' the Chileans (although the Chilean Air Force had been using Hunters since the early 1970s, and had used them in the 1973 overthrow of the Allende government). One of the RAF pilots, Flight Lieutenant Richard Thomas, was killed in a crash in Chile in January 1983.

The Defence Ministry then said that his training mission was 'informal'. It did not explain how he came to be flying alone.

Warm British-Chilean military relations continued after the war. A military delegation was invited to the Aldershot arms show and another team, headed by General Matthei himself, was invited to the Farnborough Air Show as the guest of the British government. In the face of Labour and SDP protests, however, this trip was cancelled. General Matthei came instead in March 1983, where he was warmly welcomed and thanked for his help by the Royal Air Force Chief of Staff, Air Marshall Sir Keith Williamson.

In September 1982, Trade Minister Peter Rees led a British trade delegation to Santiago, where — on the 9th anniversary of Pinochet's coup, and in the face of evidently worsening human rights abuses — Rees sang the dictator's praises. Chile, he said was 'a moderate and stabilising force' in South America; Britain looked to 'deepening and strengthening political relations'.

At the same time the head of the Chilean nuclear agency, General Juan Brady visited Britain and the UK Atomic Energy Authority. He was offered a magnox nuclear reactor and widespread nuclear collaboration. Later that year, 40 enriched uranium fuel rods were sent to Chile for work in a 'research reactor'.

Britain's most recent gift to Chile was an Antarctic base, Adelaide Island. The Chilean government has denied reports in Argentina that, in return, Britain has been given permanent rights to use a remote Chilean air base, Diego Ramirez.

In December 1982, Britain attempted to undermine United Nations investigations of Chilean human rights violations. Since 1973, the General Assembly had annually condemned Chilean abuses of human rights. Since 1975, the UN Commission on Human Rights in Geneva had organised annual reports on Chile. In a UN subcommittee, Britain argued that a resolution continuing the mandate of the 'Special Rapporteur' on Chile was unnecessary. The amendment was passed by the sub-committee, but was spotted — and defeated — on the floor of the General Assembly.

Then, faced with an undiluted UN resolution condemning the 'persistence of serious and systematic violations of human rights in Chiles, and calling on Chile 'to restore democratic institutions', Britain abstained. It was the first time since the *coup d'etat* that Britain failed to vote to condemn in the General Assembly the tens of thousands of deaths and 'disappearances', the million plus political exiles, and the absence of human and political rights in Pinochet's Chile. (In 1983, Britain again abstained on this motion. In 1984, however, we voted for the anti-Pinochet resolution; the Foreign Office remit to present Pinochet's case to the world had, evidently, expired.)

WE HAVE CONFIRMED details of the Chilean connection with many sources. All say that, inside the government, it was 'the most sensitive subject' of the war. At first, although classified top secret, knowledge of the Chilean operation was fairly widely disseminated inside the Foreign Office and Ministry of Defence. By late April 1982, however, information on Chile was restricted to a tiny group. British spy planes were by then routinely flying from Chile.

The Defence Ministry became alarmed by a number of press leaks on Chile, and the Secretary of the 'D Notice' Committee, Admiral William Ash, was asked to help ensure tht nothing was reported, according to a senior defence official. In regular 'off the record' briefings on the course of the war by MoD Permanent Secretary Sir Frank Cooper, Fleet Street editors were also warned that Chile was 'sensitive': 'Don't mention it, please' was the message, one editor said this week.

Since the war, a number of important figures have publicly confirmed aspects of the understandings. Lord Lewin, the then Chief of the Defence Staff, stated in a recorded interview with Arthur Gavshon, author of the *Sinking Of the Belgrano*, that British forces 'got some information from Chileans'. In the House of Commons on 24 November 1982, then Foreign Secretary Francis Pym said unguardedly that 'Chile was quite helpful to us in the conflict and we ought to bear that in mind when we consider our relations now'.

Labour shadow ministers are not prepared to extend the same benign tolerance to the Chilean dictatorship as Mrs Thatcher. 'The Prime Minister is willing to sacrifice any principle to save her face', front bench spokesman on Latin America George Foulkes MP said this week. 'Her hypocrisy is amazing — she is unwilling to negotiate with a democratic government in Argentina, but remains willing to do dirty deals with a dictatorship'. □

Additional research by Duncan Green and Jolyon Jenkins.

THE LEFT

ANOTHER MOULD NOT BROKEN

Sarah Benton analyses the recent revival in the Socialist Society's non-sectarian project

THREE YEARS ago, with tremendous fanfare and considerable elan, a new Socialist Society was founded in London. 1,200 people turned up for the inaugural conference, some simply not wanting to miss out on what might turn out retrospectively to be a historic occasion, most drawn by the hope that this might begin the political dissolution of the sectarian compartments of the Left.

A key to that was to provide a new vehicle for intellectuals of the Left to engage with the Labour movement. Instead of being tied up in the peculiar requirements of their own parties, or being doomed to perpetual rootlessness in the diaspora of exiled intellectuals, a Socialist Society could bring their skills and knowledge to bear on the most important issues for socialism.

Next week, on 2-3 February, the Society meets again for its annual conference. It has succeeded in fulfilling few of the grand aims it implicitly set for itself. But in the last year its membership has doubled from its low of 150, and, like many organisations, it has been revitalised by the miners' strike (membership increases are reported across the gamut of Left organisations). Optimism about its potential is now a clearer voice in its ranks than the desperation which marked it as funds and members seemed to be slipping inexorably away in 1983.

THERE WAS from the start a massive gulf between the intensity of the desire for a Socialist Society to work and the ability to deliver a truly non-sectarian, self-sustaining organisation. That desire was fuelled by the 1980 Leeds conference on *Beyond the Fragments*, an influential book by Sheila Rowbotham, Hilary Wainwright and Lynne Segal which criticised Leninist and bureaucratic party practices as being inimical to the development of socialism. The Leeds conference was well attended, bringing together the libertarian and 'Broad' Left and attracting a high proportion of women, whose own national network of general women's liberation conferences had been irredeemably fractured by the end of the '70s. That conference failed to sustain a new network of *Beyond the Fragments* supporters (an augury of things to come), but from it came a group which went on to propose the establishment of a Socialist Society.

Months went into preparing for a perfect birth. A group in the North, including David Coates and Anthony Arblaster, drew up the ideal constitution which specified, amongst other things, that the Society should have a steering committee of 30, of whom 50 per cent had to be women. Provision was made for the plethora of socialist groups to affiliate and be

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Andrew Wiard/Report

'Sectarian? Me?' Tony Benn addresses the founding meeting of the Socialist Society, 1982, just before the peak of the Bennite Left's influence

represented. Self-perpetuating leaders were outlawed by specifying no one could be on the committee for more than two years. Contact with members was stipulated through the holding of quarterly members' meetings; London bias was to be counteracted by rotating meetings round regional centres.

The birth did indeed go very well. It took place shortly before the influence of the Bennite Left peaked and was superseded by the more polarised division between Militant and the 'soft' Left. It was a time when the Left's priority was to force the Labour Party out of its organisational preoccupations into political discussions of strategies for socialism (an alien tradition for Labour).

As well as the libertarian and non-aligned socialists looking for an ideal, non-patriarchal home, the party members looking to leap boundaries, there was also a substantial body of people who vaguely hoped for an 'SDP of the Left' — a mould-breaking, entirely new socialist organisation which could attract ordinary people. Despite the incompatibility of many of these desires, the most optimistic of the founders hoped that the intensity of the wishes, the spontaneous wave of enthusiasm, would carry the new baby through its infancy. This was not the case.

FROM THE START there were criticisms that the working group and subsequent Steering Committee were too dominated by the 'glitterati' of the Left. They included Hilary Wainwright, Michele Barrett, Lynne Segal, Elizabeth Wilson, Martin Jacques, Bob Rowthorn, Robin Blackburn, Tariq Ali, Stuart Hall and many more besides. They tended to represent the generation of '68 and were viewed suspiciously as an elite, a view that was confirmed when the committee appeared to be concentrating on producing, in conjunction with Penguin, a series of books on the theme 'What is to be done about . . .'. The books were good, but involved few in discussion and people were still not being brought together across the old divides. The membership began to drift away.

Several of those involved at the beginning but not since stress that they think neither the project itself nor the Steering Committee was fundamentally flawed; it was simply that the problem the Society was trying to solve — a disconnected Left with both committed sectarian and libertarian parts — was so very intractable. And as Gramsci, Lenin and even David Owen would have advised, new organisations need 'cadres' to make a priority of connecting the guiding ideas to the different parts. But such cadres did not exist.

Former Steering Committee members Martin Jacques and David Coate both stress that their own other political commitments meant the Socialist Society could not be their priority. Stuart Hall elaborates, saying it was precisely because most people on the Left had their own commitments that the Society should have concentrated on a limited educative role, rather than trying to build an organisation that would have pretensions of being a political party. Hilary Wainwright on the other hand, now the Chairperson of the Society (and I write as an extremely desultory vice-Chairperson) thinks the Committee failed to build the links with the grass roots that were essential if the members were to sustain a sense of purpose.

Apart from its series of books, the Society has kept up a political role over the three years. It organised a national forum against the Falklands War, and the only national protest meeting after Sarah Tisdall was sent to prison. It has had working groups on Europe and education amongst other things and a number of 'issue' conferences on, for instance, the family, the authoritarian State and Eastern Europe. It has maintained its links with a few affiliated groups, like History Workshop, the Conference of Socialist Economists and the Socialist Environment and Resources Association (though it has no links with Black groups). Last year it began to expand its Bulletin, now produced monthly, and started work on an ambitious political project — Project 2000 — inspired by Raymond Williams' book, *Towards 2000*.

What it hasn't succeeded in doing is establishing itself as the pre-eminent meeting ground for socialist intellectuals and movements which must be inspired by socialism if there is to be an accelerating socialist trajectory in the coming years. Other organisations tended to have filled the biggest gaps; it is CND which has soaked up the thousands wanting a non-hierarchical organisation which makes links between socialism, ecology and feminism. It is, thinks Stuart Hall, the GLC which has provided a vehicle for socialist intellectuals to engage with the Labour Party. As a result many have joined the Labour Party.

Yet, many on the Left believe strongly that the need for an anti-sectarian forum and catalyst exists. The Society's secretary, Guy Austin, is enormously optimistic that it can fulfil its role in 1985. A major test of that will be what role it plays in the current debate about fundamental socialist principles and popular success; and, therefore, its relation to the Labour Party.

Some in the Society see a polarisation between 'hard' and 'soft' Left as inevitable; the Society's role should be to help forge an alliance of the hard Left. They are more likely to attribute the failure of socialist advance in Britain to the absence of an uncompromising socialist party, free from the shackles of right-wing 'labourism' and the trade union 'barons'. Such an alliance of the hard Left might be a catalyst in a re-alignment that would produce such a party. If they speak as political refugees forming a party-leadership in exile, they are not unhappy with this role.

Others believe that 'Left alliance' means precisely preventing this sort of division becoming institutionalised and that it is the pursuit of a pure, uncompromising socialism which has cut the Left off from the population who must be persuaded that socialism can be made in their image. Yet more fall in between the poles, unhappy that 'class' has been claimed by the fundamentalists and that Neil Kinnock claims to be the mouthpiece of popular socialism.

In the coming months it should become clear whether the conflict is a product of the battle for power within, in particular, the Labour and Communist parties being carried over into the rest of the Left, or whether the 'crisis of the Left' is endemic, reflecting a hardening irreconcileability of Britain's political traditions. □

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THE POUND IN YOUR POCKET

If Mrs Thatcher is 'mystified' by the fall in the pound, it's because she hasn't been told that she's made a U-turn in economic policy. Gavyn Davies explains

'IT IS SOMETHING of a mystery as to why sterling has been falling', the Prime Minister told Jimmy Young last week.

That in itself was a little rich. The No.10 Press Secretary had spent much of the previous month assuring journalists that the government would not seek to prevent the pound dropping to parity against the dollar. Since all previous experience suggested that such a passive government posture would lead inevitably to a sharp drop in the currency, virtually everyone in the markets concluded that the authorities were trying to talk the pound down — and at a time when it was already weak. Obviously they then dumped sterling.

But Mrs Thatcher soon followed this up with something even more remarkable: 'I think most of us would like to see that, whatever happens, it will happen smoothly — because uncertainty and suddenness are always very difficult for anyone in business'. From a Prime Minister who has always prided herself on having *no* policy on sterling, who has sternly resisted market-smoothing intervention in the foreign exchange markets, and who has presided over the largest movements in the real exchange rate which have been seen in modern British history, belated concern about exchange rate uncertainty seems a trifle unconvincing.

I doubt if we will get fully to the bottom of this episode for some time, if ever. But what is clear is that the government has been acutely embarrassed by such a clear mishandling of market psychology; and has responded by changing policy, at least temporarily, on the exchange rate. This could prove unfortunate, since in the past year or two there have been indications that the beginnings of a more sensible approach to exchange rate policy have been taking shape.

The seeds of the 1985 'crisis' were of course sown five years ago, when sterling was allowed to rise to levels which crippled British industry and took the UK uncomfortably close to becoming the one-commodity economy (dependent entirely on oil), which the markets believe they perceive today. From 1976 to early 1981, sterling rose by 30 per cent. From 1978 onwards the over-valuation became chronic.

Jeremy Hale at Simon and Coates had developed a unique measure of currency valuation based on 'purchasing power parity' calculations concluded by the OECD. This shows by how much the price of a typical basket of UK goods differs from the price of the same basket of goods in other developed economies, all measured in a common currency. This measure, which is not subject to the problems of arbitrariness which plague most alternative calculations of the 'real' exchange rate, indicates that by 1981 British goods were 15 per cent *more expensive* than the same goods produced by our competitors — having been 25 per cent *cheaper* in 1975 (see graph). Ministers celebrated the strength of the pound, but the UK trading sector faced an imminent bankruptcy which was staved off only by massive redundancies and plant closures. Some of this may have been inevitable as sterling responded to the rising curve of oil production and the second oil price shock in 1979. But it seemed obvious even at the time to most non-monetarist economists that the rise in sterling should have been resisted by a combination of lower interests rates and a less severe monetary stance.

Instead, the government actively encouraged the pound to rise in 1979/80 by holding interest rates well above foreign levels, and by attempting to impose a sharp monetary slow-down on the economy. The crippling rise in the exchange rate was due in very large measure to these policy decisions which threw the economy into a recession much deeper than ministers ever intended.

I HAVE DIGRESSED into history because it is essential for the understanding of the present situation. The events of 1979/81 left indelible marks on the economy which are still having profound effects today. First, they shook Britain's wage bargaining psychology, bringing down inflationary pressures, probably on a permanent basis. Second, and much less favourably, the plant closures, redundancies and losses of market share which occurred in the early years of the Thatcher administration also became irreversible as industrialists lost the confidence to invest and expand.

When final demand eventually began to increase in 1982 an even higher proportion than ever before leaked abroad, and an alarming deterioration in the non-oil trade balance set in. In 1978, non-oil trade was in small surplus; by 1984, the deficit amounted to about £12bn, or about £9½bn if the effects of the miners' strike are excluded. UK export share of world markets now stands at an all-time low, while import penetration of domestic markets has never been as high. If a Thatcher miracle has taken place in the productive sector, it is mighty hard to detect it in these figures.

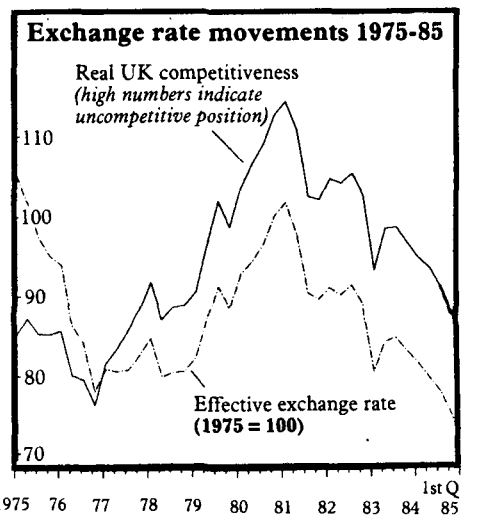
As Peter Shore perceived in 1982, the only way out of this problem was somehow to effect a major improvement in Britain's competitive position, which in any reasonable time span could only be done by bringing sterling lower. His 'simulations' in November 1982 indicated that a 30 per cent drop in the currency was necessary, and that this could be accomplished *without re-triggering inflation.*

He was promptly derided on all sides for expressing such an absurdly optimistic belief

Changes in the Monetary Stance

	£M3 Growth, %		Growth in Real Money Aggregates, %*			
	Planned in 1980 Budget	Actual	M0	M1	£M3	PSL2
1979/80	—	—	-9.0	-13.9	-5.8	-7.9
1980/81	7-11	19.4	-9.6	- 6.4	2.7	-1.2
1981/82	6-10	12.8	-6.8	0.5	8.2	3.8
1982/83	5-9	11.2	-2.4	8.0	7.0	5.0
1983/84	4-8	10.1	2.3	9.1	5.1	7.5
1984/85†	—	10.2	3.3	10.1	5.3	8.1

*Per cent changes in money supply through the fiscal year deflated by price inflation
†Estimated



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John Minnion

and ministers had little difficulty in re-kindling in the collective consciousness the memory of previous devaluations under Labour governments. In June 1983, the electorate voted, among other things, against a policy of sterling devaluation.

What they got was rather different. Throughout the last four years, whatever it has said in public, the Conservative government has acquiesced in a *continuous* depreciation in the exchange rate. Indeed, I would go further than this: the government has *actually set policy* in a way which made depreciation inevitable. Since Mr Shore was castigated for recommending a 30 per cent depreciation in 1982, sterling has in fact dropped by 24 per cent — and is still sliding. This process has indeed permitted output growth to speed up. Yet inflationary pressures have remained exceptionally subdued.

How has all this been achieved? A glance at the accompanying table shows the extent to which the thrust of macro-economic policy has changed, especially on the monetary side. The first version of the medium-term financial strategy, published in March 1980, envisaged cumulative monetary growth (as measured by the centre of the target band for sterling M3) of about 34 per cent in the four years ending in March 1984.

In the event, the cumulative increase in the main monetary measure amounted to 65 per cent, almost double the Treasury's original intention. Furthermore, while there was a sharp decline in *real* (inflation adjusted) monetary growth in the first year or two of the strategy — implying that monetary policy was kept tight — virtually all measures of money have shown very rapid growth in real terms in the past three years. In short, the government's actions on monetary growth have not matched its rhetoric. The economy has in fact benefited from a large and sustained boost from monetary policy ever since 1981/82.

IF THE ORIGINAL monetarist philosophy of this government had been even broadly right, then such a policy would have been disastrous. Over a two-year period it would have led simply to higher inflation, with no boost to real output. Yet precisely the opposite has happened.

This is the response which old-fashioned Keynesian theory would have predicted at a time of exceptional slack in the economy. The fact that the economy has not grown even faster, and not fast enough to bring down unemployment, has been due to two other factors. First, budgetary policy has been kept very tight, so the monetary boost has had to operate entirely under its own steam. (Private borrowing did pick up, especially after the abolition of HP controls in 1982, but the squeeze on public spending ensured that government borrowing played no part in the recovery.) Second, as private spending expanded, far too high a proportion (as usual) leaked abroad, so that domestic industry failed to gain from the full 'multiplier' benefits of rising demand.

This again was the legacy of the sterling over-valuation in 1979/81 — but the situation was gradually being remedied, with the pound continuously sliding towards a more competitive position. As modern macro-economic theory tells us, the combination of a tight fiscal and loose monetary stance should lead to a falling currency — and it did.

The latest Simon and Coates calculations indicate that, on relative price grounds, sterling is by now slightly under-valued against a basket of currencies (though it may still be a little over-valued in terms of relative costs). Give or take a few per cent, the difficult process of eliminating the 1979/81 loss of competitiveness has now been achieved — but it has been achieved because the government has over a long period pursued a monetary policy substantially different from the one it presented to the electorate in 1979 and 1983.

It is perhaps little wonder that some (though not all) of the government's original hard-line supporters have become uneasy at this turn of events. They have argued, increasingly vociferously of late, that money growth has been too rapid and that the falling poud must soon lead to a resurgence in inflation. In particular, the knee-jerk City monetarists have started to call for a major tightening in macro-policy to 'save' the currency.

This just demonstrates how little they have learned in the past four years. It should by now be obvious that there is no necessary connection between monetary growth and inflation and that, with unemployment remaining as high as it is today, a further monetary injection should again boost output rather than raising inflation. Nor does it allow for the fact that a tightening in fiscal policy is likely, after an initial announcement effect which may last a short period, to add to *downward* pressure on sterling.

If Mr Lawson now wishes to stabilise sterling — which would be a respectable aim in view of its properly valued position — he should instead contemplate some relaxation in his budgetary stance, while leaving monetary policy unchanged. If, on the other hand, he heeds the words of the knee-jerk monetarists, then he will jeopardise the glimmerings of economic recovery that have followed the policy of monetary relaxation in the past two years. □

Gavyn Davies is chief UK economist at stockbrokers Simon & Coates

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OIL

PETRO-POUND DICTATES POLICY

Pat Coyne on another reason for prolonging the coal strike

IT IS NOW clear that, far from seeking a quick end to the miners' strike, the government has every reason to keep it going at about its present level for a good while yet. The reasoning is not determination to prolong the agony of Messrs Scargill & McGahey — not to mention the Labour Party (although doubtless that would be an added bonus). Rather the reasons are its own financial problems. If the strike ended tomorrow it could put the skids under OPEC and send the pound plunging.

For those with fond memories of sterling slumping every time a shop steward at British Leyland blew the whistle such a notion must seem bizarre. The explanation lies in the delicate balance of the world's oil markets and the even more delicate position of sterling.

The key to the government's success in avoiding crippling electricity shortages has been the ability to switch generating capacity from coal to oil. Seeming white elephants, like the Isle of Grain and Ince power stations, ordered in the days when oil was expected to be available indefinitely at $2 barrel, have been run flat out, in some cases reportedly well above design capacity. In the process, the Central Electricity Generating Board, which previously burned only minuscule amounts of (expensive) oil, has become the world's largest importer of oil. It is now importing up to 500,000 barrels a day in addition to using a further 600,000 barrels a day from domestic refiners. In total, the strike has added about 1 mbd (million barrels a day) to world oil demand.

As far as OPEC was concerned it could not have come at a better time. Demand has been dropping and non-OPEC producers, like the UK, have eaten massively into their markets. Pressure on prices has mounted and OPEC, as the 'swing producer', adjusting its production to the price it can get, has had to cut production continuously in order to stave off a price collapse.

In the fourth quarter of this year, when demand is supposedly at its highest, OPEC had to agree to yet lower production ceiling of 16 mbd. As most OPEC countries can barely survive on their production quotas it is difficult to exaggerate the resentment this causes. Countries like Nigeria and Indonesia, with massive and impoverished populations, have watched as Norway and the UK have turned the valves full open and reaped the benefit of OPEC self-denial.

If there was a quick resumption of coal production, a sudden cut in demand by Britain of half a million barrels of oil a day could have a catastrophic effect on the notoriously volatile spot market in Rotterdam. The *Financial Times* newsletter, *European Energy*, for example, estimated that spot prices could fall by as much as $5 a barrel, a fall of 15-20 per cent, to perhaps $21-23.

THIS MIGHT have mattered little in the days when the spot market represented only a tiny fraction of traded oil. Now things are very different. The spot market is currently taking over half the output of BNOC, the British National Oil Corporation. There is no possibility of BNOC, or OPEC for that matter, being able to resist cuts of that magnitude. Official prices would have to follow suit. As about 80 cents of every North Sea dollar goes into UK Treasury coffers, every dollar off the oil price means around £2.25 billion off government revenues.

So far the government has compensated for the decline in the dollar oil price by allowing sterling to depreciate against the dollar. Every cent decline means about £150 million extra for the Treasury. But that option no longer appears open after the shenanigans of the last two weeks. The markets are hardly likely to view the prospect of a £2 billion loss with equanimity. In any event to compensate for a cut of anything like $5 would mean sterling dropping well below a dollar.

True, on the credit side, if the strike ended then the costs for extra policing, burning oil and the like, variously estimated at anything from £40 million a week upwards, would no longer have to be borne. But the point is that these are predictable costs, paid in sterling. By contrast the oil and currency markets are notoriously unpredictable, and in the present volatile state of both markets the British government would be very foolhardy to tempt fate.

The simplest way to stabilise the markets — join forces with OPEC and cut back production — can be ruled out on political grounds. Allowing the CEGB to continue to purchase oil after the strike had ended would be very difficult to sell to the free marketeers in the Tory party. The logical strategy is then to keep the strike going until the markets show signs of quietening down and meanwhile pin all the blame on the miners. In any event the cost can be recouped: some form of 'Scargill tax' is bound to be imposed eventually.

And the miners? It has to be admitted that the strategy of attrition has failed. If they went back tomorrow they might provoke a sterling crisis and shake the Tory government. But the eventual outcome would likely be a cut in oil prices, making oil more competitive and squeezing further the contracting market for UK coal. Small reward for a year of heroism. □

Pat Coyne is Managing editor of Energy Manager.

This England

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□'We British do not need to be cowed with a high-powered machine gun to behave ourselves when we are out sightseeing; a smile and a friendly push from an unarmed bobby is usually enough. A friendly clout with a truncheon is acceptable when we know we are being deliberately hostile.' — Letter to *The Times* (Stanley Alderson)

□Bristol Polytechnic is to carry out a £10,000 study to examine a course which could lead to a 'diploma in dustmanship' for middle or senior management. — *Daily Mirror* (George Moor)

□'Oddly enough the anti-racism prize attracted two very good entries, but it is the art that matters, not the message. John Shennan's powerful image of an Indian woman cowering from a skinhead with a snarling dog seems to me not specifically racial in its subject.' — Review of GLC exhibition 'The Spirit of London', *Evening Standard* (Sibyl Ruth)

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NUCLEAR WAR

SCARING THE COUNTRY TO DEATH

Government disinformation about the effects of nuclear war on the civilian population began as soon as they realised what those effects would be. Joan Smith and Carol Baker look into newly-released Cabinet papers

Camera Press

Macmillan in the '50s, worried about disturbing public 'indifference' to the Bomb

THE BRITISH government recognised as long ago as 1954 that the effect of fallout from a hydrogen bomb on the civilian population would be 'bleak' — and was afraid this fact would provoke a public outcry against thermonuclear weapons if it were known.

Newly-released papers show that the then Minister of Defence, Harold Macmillan, wrote a top secret memorandum for consideration by the Cabinet in December 1954, warning that 'much of the present indifference of the public would vanish' if they discovered that the government was altering its plans to cope with such a degree of devastation. The papers also show that the government has long been aware that the effects of nuclear war would be much worse than those described in its own civil defence propaganda.

Macmillan wrote the memorandum after reading the very first assessment by British scientists of the effect of fallout from a ten megaton bomb. Although Britain was still more than two years away from testing its own hydrogen bomb, British scientists had been able to put together the assessment from 'all that we have been able to find out about the effects of the experiments by the United States in the Pacific and elsewhere.'

'There will be an inner zone of approximately 270 square miles in area (larger than Middlesex), in which radiation will be so powerful that all life will be extinguished, whether in the open or in houses', the scientists' report predicts. 'Because of the persistence of the radio-active contamination of this inner zone, general relief measures would be virtually impossible for some weeks, and possibly months.'

People in 'specially deep shelters' in this area, with uncontaminated food and water supplies, would have some chance of survival, 'provided they were not entombed by other effects of the explosion.' Outside this central zone, there would be an area of about 3,000 square miles (several counties wide) in which 'exposure on the first day might easily be fatal.' The report notes that 'no medical means of curing or even curbing the effects of radiation on human beings are yet known.' In the Marshall Islands, it goes on, 'natives on an atoll 110 miles from the explosion received about one-third of the lethal dose.'

The scientists' report raises the possibility that people in the direct path of fallout could be evacuated from their homes in the immediate aftermath of the explosion, since 'fallout will not occur until 8-24 hours after the burst' — a proposal directly contradicted by more recent government advice on how to survive after the bomb. A film by the Central Office of Information, for instance, offers exactly the opposite advice. 'No place in the UK is safer than anywhere else,' it insists. 'No one can tell you where the safest place will be.'

MACMILLAN's covering memorandum for the Cabinet points out that the new facts about fallout 'must have a revolutionary effect' on the government's preparations for civil defence. 'Thought is already being given to its implications by the limited circle of Ministers and officials to whom this scientific appreciation is known', he wrote.

But he asked the Cabinet to consider a difficult problem. If those responsible for civil defence were given the information needed to revise their plans to take account of fallout, 'we must accept some risk that people may come to know quite soon that the Government are planning on this new hypothesis.' Since this might destroy the public's present 'indifference' to nuclear weapons, he called for guidance from the Cabinet on how much to tell government departments concerned with defence, and 'the manner in which the implications of fall-out for our defence policy should be presented to the public.'

Macmillan also proposed an approach to the Americans because 'there are indications that the United States Government are now considering the political implications of the hydrogen bomb for their home front.' (Indeed they were. Eisenhower had already rejected an assessment of the dangers of the arms race written by his chief speechwriter, saying: 'We don't want to scare the country to death.')

The exact decisions taken by the Cabinet after reading Macmillan's memorandum have not yet been revealed under the 30-year rule. Their tenor can be guaged, however, not only by the anodyne nature of later civil defence instructions issued by successive governments — such as the *Protect and Survive* booklet — but by a short discussion at a Cabinet meeting late in December 1954.

Then, the Cabinet noted Macmillan's memorandum and went on to discuss the BBC's plans to produce early in 1955, a programme on the hydrogen bomb. The Chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority, in 1954, Sir Edwin (now Lord) Plowden had spoken about this to the Director-General of the BBC, Sir Ian Jacob, the Cabinet minutes record. Sir Ian 'had undertaken to make himself personally responsible for ensuring that those planning the programme consulted reputable scientists.' He had also given an assurance that the programme would be 'free of any political bias'.

The Cabinet was asked whether this matter could now be left to the 'discretion' of the Director-General. They decided not to take any chances. It was important that 'the Government should themselves retain control over the form and timing of publicity on the effects of thermo-nuclear weapons', the minutes record. They decided that the Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, would arrange for 'further guidance' to be given to the BBC on how to deal with the subject in radio and television programmes. □

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IMPERIAL AMBITIONS

The 'Mundiya case' exposes the Immigration Service's plans to become a police-style agency enforcing the increasingly tough immigration law. Jolyon Jenkins reports

THE OMBUDSMAN's recent criticism of the Home Office for its treatment of a Bradford woman, Mrs Yasmin Mundiya, goes beyond a rap on the knuckles for the Immigration and Nationality Department. In effect, the criticism highlighted the empire-building schemes of senior management of the Immigration Service. Mrs Mundiya was an unwitting casualty in a long campaign to convert the Immigration Service from a civil service department operating at ports of entry to a semi-autonomous law enforcement agency exercising control over internal affairs, analogous to the police force. The Ombudsman's report was a setback to these plans; it may prove to be their epitaph.

In April 1982 the Home Office locked up Mr Aboobaker Mundiya, a Pakistani, for six weeks, pending his removal as an alleged illegal immigrant. It was claimed that he had forged his (British) wife's signature on a letter applying for permanent residence. Subsequently, the Home Office agreed to do forensic tests on the signature and, embarrassingly, discovered that it was probably genuine. Mundiya was released. It was then claimed that Mrs Mundiya had been 'less than totally frank' with the Home Office and that she had been suspected of entering into a marriage of convenience. According to her MP, Max Madden, this was a 'deliberate falsehood' by which officials 'sought to conceal and cover up' their error. For two years they refused to set the record straight.

Two immigration officers at Hull, Chris Brion, who was initially involved in the Mundiya case, and John Scott, discovered the blunder — which also implicitly slurred Brion — and refused to connive in it. They claim that, as a result, they were victimised by senior management. Both were suspended from investigation work, although they had impeccable records.

Several false and damaging accusations were made against Brion, such as that he took meals with Mrs Mundiya, and that the way he conducted his investigations gave grounds for questioning his impartiality. In fact, the 'meals' amounted to no more than the customary tea and biscuits, which were also accepted by the investigator appointed to look into the second charge, of which Brion was cleared.

Scott and Brion were both downgraded in their annual reports, the inspector responsible admitting that senior management had put pressure on him to do so. Brion was sacked for refusing to transfer to Dover (which his contract technically obliged him to do), at a time when he was having serious domestic problems. Scott resigned. Both men are considering legal action, and their complaints are being investigated by a civil servant from the Home Office Police Department.

THE AFFAIR is indicative of more than a Home Office reluctance to admit that mistakes had been made. The original attempt to remove Mr Mundiya was only possible because of developments in immigration case law that occurred in the late 1970s and early 80s. These developments expanded the definition of an illegal entrant far beyond what was intended by the architects of the 1971 Immigration Act.

The act basically defines an illegal immigrant as one who enters the country in breach of the immigration laws. Its purpose was to catch people crawling up Britain's beaches in the dead of the night. According to sources both now and formerly in the immigration service, it was decided by senior immigration officials at the Immigration Service Intelligence Unit at Harmondsworth — where Peter Tompkins, now the Chief Inspector of the Service, was then the head — to try to broaden the scope of the law, to catch anybody who had gained leave to enter by deceiving an immigration officer.

By carefully choosing its cases, the Immigration Service made considerable gains, culminating in *Zamir* (1980), where the House of Lords confirmed that an illegal immigrant was anyone who gained leave to enter by deception, whether the immigrant knew about the deception or not, and held that a would-be entrant had a 'positive duty of candour' to inform the immigration authorities of any material facts. Earlier court cases had established that the deception could even be silent, by a third party unknown to the entrant, and that an immigration officer could order the detention and removal of any person on *reasonable suspicion* that they had obtained leave to enter by deception. Mundiya was therefore held to be an illegal entrant because when he re-entered Britain in August 1981 after a period abroad, he deceived the immigration officer by not mentioning the 'forged' signature.

Such extraordinary legal criteria of honesty have never been debated in parliament, and it is impossible to imagine them being applied to any other group in society.

The effect of the expansion of the law is shown in the removal statistics, which increased steadily from 80 in 1973 to 910 in 1980. Inevitably it meant a huge increase in work for the boys. In 1975 an Inspector, formerly at the Intelligence Unit, took charge in Hull. Immigration officers began to work 20 hour days on occasion, over several hundred square miles. As intended, the Immigration Service was becoming more autonomous, because immigration officers could act without reference to the courts, summarily removing people rather than prosecuting and deporting them under the 1971 Act, where criminal standards of evidence would apply.

Such a remarkable extension of case law was criticised in many quarters. Bradford Law Centre was prominent, and between January 1981 and summer 1982 they dealt with 19 cases involving deportations and removals. They won them all by a policy of effective publicity and threats of judicial review at an early stage. The Immigration Service became afraid that bad publicity would lead to its losing the gains made by the expansion of the law. It appears to have been this that made them drop the Mundiya case and instigate a cover-up when the blunder became apparent. Even if the signature had been forged, to declare Mr Mundiya an illegal immigrant would have been a dubious application of the law as it then stood, and a very bad case on which to fight.

The activities of Bradford Law Centre became so irksome to the Immigration Service that they asked the local Special Branch to keep an eye on it. A short report was produced, recently passed to the *Observer*. The *New Statesman* also has a copy. It appears to be dated July 1982. The style of the hand-written report suggests that it was one in a regular series, and it is addressed, in first name terms, to the Chief Immigration Officer at Hull. The author says that he considered sending it straight to Mr Tompkins. This suggests that Tompkins may have asked for it, and is consistent with a visit to Hull by him in July of that year.

SENIOR MANAGEMENT are not the only people favouring greater autonomy for the Immigration Service. There are significant elements within the Immigration Service Union that take this line. The ISU broke away from the Society of Civil and Public Servants in 1981, partly because the SCPS opposed the government's immigration policy whereas most immigration officers supported it.

The ISU is in some ways similar to the Police Federation — it is supposedly apolitical but is in fact right-wing; it has, in theory, immense industrial muscle but is unlikely ever to use it (it was the only civil service union not to support the GCHQ workers); and all immigration service personnel other than the Chief Inspector and the Deputy Chief Inspectors may join it. (Tompkins in fact left the SPCS as soon as the ISU was formed, but was then not allowed to join the new union.) Remarkably, the ISU's General Secretary is a Chief Immigration Officer, and so of management grade. A combination of all these things meant that its support for Brion and Scott in their fight against management victimisation was, in their words, desultory.

In the short term the Mundiya cover-up was in vain. In 1983 the House of Lords did what the Immigration Service had feared and established in *Khera* and *Khajawa* that an illegal immigrant had to have a guilty mind. The Home Office now works on the basis that deception must be first-person, material, and beyond reasonable doubt. The ever-increasing power of immigration officers was curbed. But with renewed zeal, the Immigration Service has thrown itself into chasing up all the old cases where deportation orders were signed but never served, and has taken over responsibility from the police for arranging those deportations. There will still be jobs for the boys. □

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THE KERRY BABIES

A tribunal is looking into police treatment of Joanne Hayes. Mary Holland reports on how the tribunal is — in its turn — treating the young mother and her distress

THE JUDGE presiding over what has come to be known as 'The Kerry Babies Tribunal' finally allowed a recess on 14 January because the main witness was too distressed to continue. It was 25-year-old Ms Joanne Hayes' fourth day in the witness box. During that time she had been questioned in brutal physical detail about her affair with a married colleague at the Tralee Sports Centre where she worked. In particular, she was asked about her three pregnancies in two years, one ending in an early miscarriage, one in a baby daughter (who has been taken to hospital so that the tribunal may know to what blood group she belongs) and the third in the birth of a baby in a field near her home last April.

Ms Hayes described her last experience of childbirth thus: 'I was outside, a bit down from the house. I was standing up when I gave birth to the child. I just pulled the umbilical cord and it broke.' Having given birth, she returned to the house and changed her bloodstained nightdress. At 5am, unable to sleep, she went out to look for her baby. Finding it dead, she put it in a plastic bag and hid it in a ditch some way from the house.

There has been a strong impression at this tribunal — particularly evident among the women journalists in the Tralee courthouse — that it is Ms Hayes who is on trial. Strictly speaking this is not true, although most of the male barristers have made strenuous efforts to discredit her as a witness, and to impugn the honesty of her entire family. But originally, the tribunal was set up in response to public concern to discover how Ms Hayes had come to confess to the murder of a baby which forensic tests showed could not have been the child of herself and her lover, how four other members of her family made statements to the police implicating themselves in her alleged crime, and why the charges against all of them were later dropped by the state.

The story that has emerged so far is complicated. It reveals as bleak a picture about the quality of life in Ireland, particularly for Irish women, as any of the bloody atrocities which make headlines from the embattled cities of Northern Ireland.

On 14 April last year a jogger, out running on a beach in Kerry, found the body of a male infant washed up on the shore near a small town called Cahirciveen, about 40 miles from Tralee. The baby had been stabbed 28 times. The police were informed and set about trying to find a woman who was known to have been pregnant and due to give birth, but had no baby to show for it. In a rural community Ms Hayes's pregnancy was common knowledge. So was the fact that her longstanding affair with her lover from the sports centre appeared to have ended unhappily.

The local police, followed by some more senior officers from Dublin, questioned her and her family at length, and in a way which sounds somewhat similar to what one Belfast judge described as 'robust' in the context of RUC men questioning terrorist suspects.

Ms Hayes has claimed in court that she was slapped and pushed about; that 'hard cop, soft cop' techniques were used so that one policman sat her on his knee (she is tiny) during questioning; when she asked to go to the lavatory because she felt sick during a particularly traumatic period of questioning a piece of newspaper was put on the floor and she was told to be sick on that; and threats about her family were made. She was told that her brother would be charged with murder, that the family farm would be sold and that her small daughter, Yvonne, would be put up for adoption. She told the police where the body of her own baby (called 'the Tralee baby' to distinguish it from 'the Cahirciveen baby') could be found. She also claims that on the day she was charged, her sister took the police to the farm and showed them the baby's body.

Nevertheless, she confessed to having murdered the Cahirciveen baby. Subsequent blood tests showed that Ms Hayes, her lover and the 'Tralee baby' all belonged to blood group O, while the Cahirciveen baby belonged to group A.

At all events, it was decided that the evidence against Ms Hayes and the four members of her family accused with her would not stand up in court and six months after they were charged the case against them was dropped by the state.

WHEN THIS STORY was broken by two Irish journalists in the *Sunday Independent* it was clear that a lot of questions needed to be asked about the conduct of the police involved, including the head of the murder squad. The tribunal of inquiry was set up and counsel for the police are now seeking to establish that Ms Hayes had sex with two men, her married lover and A.N. Other, within the space of 96 hours, was impregnated by both and gave birth to twins, one having the blood group of her known lover, the other of Mr X. Since even the medical witnesses find this rather an unfamiliar theory, it is necessary for the barristers to prove that Ms Hayes is not only 'promiscuous', but that she is a hardened liar, had twins (which she denies) killed them and disposed of their bodies miles apart. This has meant that she has been subjected to an intensity of questioning which would seem extreme in a rape case, and before an open court packed with curious members of the public and the media.

She has spent much of her time in the witness box sobbing, as barristers have probed not only the painful details of her doomed 'affair' with her lover (how and where they had sex), but also the physical details of all her pregnancies, how

Irish Times

Joanne Hayes: questioned in brutal physical detail

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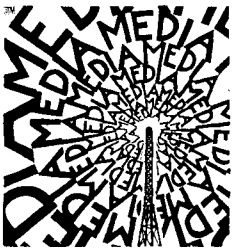
much she bled before, during and after childbirth, whether her breasts showed signs of lactation, whether she broke the umbilical cord or cut it, whether the placenta came away immediately afterwards or in clots onto a sanitary napkin over a period. And so on.

The tribunal's terms of reference are to establish, quite properly, what went on in her local police station to make Ms Hayes confess to murder. The story which has emerged exposes a cruel lack of compassion in attitudes to women, which not all the flowers and mass cards that have been sent to Ms Hayes by sympathisers of her own sex can compensate for. It is to be seen from the way the barristers hammer away not just at Ms Hayes, but at her friends and at expert witnesses; from the doctor who replied, quite casually, that it was quite common to see women who had clearly just given birth but had no babies to show for their experience. Ms Hayes's sister claims that she was asked by the police how she had voted in the recent constitutional referendum on abortion. This question was followed, she says, by the remark 'It's unknown how many ye've killed between ye'.

For once, the Church has been notably silent on the issues raised in Tralee Courthouse and there is a bitter irony to that, too. The Bishop of Kerry at the time Joanne Hayes was charged with murder was Dr Kevin McNamara, generally considered to be the most conservative member of the Irish Catholic hierarchy. Dr McNamara led the bishops in the campaign for the so-called 'Pro Life' amendment to the constitution with a vigour that is said to have embarrassed some of his brothers in Church. He is on record as being opposed to making contraceptives available to young unmarried people, and to the removal of the civil ban on divorce.

Over the past few weeks Dr McNamara has had other things on his mind. He has, for a start, been promoted in a move which has caused considerable dismay among liberal elements in the Irish Church. Last Sunday, he was installed as Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland. He is now, arguably, the most powerful figure in the Catholic Church in this country, controlling the most populous urban diocese. His elevation comes at a time when Garret FitzGerald's government is steeling itself to take on two issues on which it has already promised action: contraception and divorce. A new Family Planning Bill is expected which, it has been pledged, will make contraceptives freely available from chemists shops, without the necessity of getting a prescription from a doctor even for condoms, which is the situation at the moment. At the same time an all-party parliamentary committee on marital breakdown is trying to reach agreement on whether to recommend the holding of a referendum to test public opinion on the constitutional ban on divorce.

Dr McNamara's views on both these subjects, and how forcefully he chooses to express them in public, will have serious bearing on the hopes for progress in these and other areas of social reform. There is now a growing fear in government circles that whatever he says, it is unlikely to be characterised by a practical and compassionate understanding for young Irish women like Joanne Hayes. □



Voices of authority on the miners

Indra de Lanerolle

THE MINERS' strike has offered reporters the most important and the longest running industrial story in decades. It has also involved some of the most strained relationships between those making the news and those who write it.

Martin Gostwick who edits the *Scottish Miner*, the Scottish NUM's own paper, sums up the miners' view: 'Except where there have been talks in progress, the news has been almost completely taken up with picket line violence. That combined with the lack of attention to the serious economic, industrial and resource case that they have got leads them to feel they're not given a fair break.'

This sense of grievance against the press has produced a high level of distrust of journalists and often, on the picket lines especially, open hostility. Mike Smart, a BBC television news reporter, has come to expect regular abuse from pickets and has been worried about his film crew's personal safety on a number of occasions. At times he has had some difficulty persuading his crew to move from behind police lines to film from the pickets' side. 'You can approach officials at branch level who just say: "I will not talk to you. We don't think we get a good deal from the press"' says Smart.

The correspondents themselves point to another difficulty: the lack of any NUM machinery to deal with the press. The systems that bring news to your door or your living room are not only increasingly sophisticated, they are also increasingly mechanical. Everyone from the local bank to the Scottish Office insists on keeping journalists informed of their every move with press releases, Telex announcements and ever-friendly press officers. Joe Quinn, who is a reporter for the Press Association in Scotland, thinks it certainly makes a difference to the news coverage in the strike: 'From our point of view, the Coal Board have got the machinery and the NUM haven't. It's as simple as that.'

The main task of the Coal Board's press office for some months has been the preparation and publication of the daily 'back to work' figures. The figures themselves are strongly disputed by the NUM who now issue their own. Mark Meredith, the *Financial Times*'s Scottish Correspondent, is unsure what effect they have had but agrees that 'the public relations office certainly has played an important part in the Coal Board's running of the dispute.' The figures are ready from eight or nine in the morning, before the NUM's.

The NCB are said to have put strong pressure upon BBC Radio Scotland to broadcast the NCB figures on their early morning news programme. The result, says Joe Quinn, is that the Coal Board are seen to have the initiative: 'So much of our work is reactive. We don't know what is happening on the ground. We rely on the Coal Board, the NUM or the police to keep us in touch.' But, he points out: 'We receive very little information from the NUM.' The NUM counter that even now, when they are ready to provide regular figures, most of the national press don't use them, and that on a number of occasions NCB figures have been used without reference to their source.

'I dare say the NUM could have been more vigorous in getting its own information out' says Martin Gostwick: 'But you have got to remember there is a great difference in resources between the NUM and the NCB'. There are genuine difficulties in delegating the powers of spokesperson given the structure of the union. But he thinks that 'the NUM might have done more to allocate money, if not to engaging a press officer, then to publication of their own material.'

But what is missing after all the millions of words that have been written? What would have been the other face of the back to work campaign? According to Jean Stead, the *Guardian*'s Scottish Correspondent, there is no shortage of material still needing proper investigation: 'There hasn't been enough attention given to the technical and economic aspects of the dispute or to civil liberties.' She cites the flooding of Polkemmet colliery which feeds the massive Ravenscraig steel works where the truth as to what happened in August has still not come out. 'It needed time and interest. Reporters cover the things their offices say people want to read.' The *Financial Times* was specifically excluded from criticism in the *Miner*, the NUM's paper, because it had given prominence to the economic and industrial issues which are paramount for the NUM.

Hugo Young, the *Guardian* columnist, complained last year that one of the major problems of the news coverage of the strike was its failure to establish the facts beyond the claims of the NCB and the NUM. This has favoured the NCB, a clear bias about the 'authoritative' voice. At one press conference, according to one journalist, the NCB Scottish Area Director, Albert Wheeler, stated categorically that one particular pit would close within a week. It never did. The significant point is not that the BBC carried the NCB's claim but that the reporters didn't go and find out for themselves.

What is missing, on the correspondents' own admission, is the very information that would give readers and audiences the perspective to interpret the events that do achieve prominence. Joe Quinn's view is that this just isn't possible: 'People expect an awful lot of the media. More than the media is capable of providing.' But the result, as one reporter puts it, is that the whole strike has looked like 'some kind of soap opera starring Arthur and Maggie.' □

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DIARY

Michael Leapman

Like most journalists, I subscribe to Dr Johnson's dictum that no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money. My wife, when trying to persuade me to undertake my share of the family correspondence, has threatened to embroider it on a sampler for my office wall. But I've not always been able to keep to it and last night I was planning to attend a gathering of fellow blockheads who have at one time or another done unpaid work for *Anti-Apartheid News*. The bash is being held to celebrate the paper's 20th anniversary — a reason for rejoicing, I suppose, but also for despair because the conditions that led to its foundation haven't gone away. It now boasts an impressive circulation of 13,000 a month, many more than when I was briefly a contributor in its early years. I fear it may turn out to be a maudlin evening, with middle-aged sixties liberals, bulging at the midriff, looking back at a decade when everything seemed possible yet, in the event, much was not. The invitation listed some of the celebrities who have done work for the paper, including Neil Kinnock, Michael Parkinson, Jonathan Steele and UB40, but I don't expect they will all turn up. Nor, I suppose, do many still write for publications that don't pay contributors.

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Which provides a cue for me to boast sanctimoniously that I do, although not often. Occasionally I'm asked to compose a piece for the four-page paper produced irregularly by my constituency Labour Party. Last week they got me to interview Ted Knight, the Lambeth Council leader, about rate-capping. During our conversation it struck me that there has been a side-effect of the government's assault on local councils that they probably did not foresee: a distinct shift to the left in the Labour Groups of threatened councils. It's been caused by the resignation of councillors who felt they might not be able to support the party's tactics against Patrick Jenkin's threats of personal surcharges and disqualification from public office. In Lambeth, in the second half of last year, by-elections occurred almost every month as Labour councillors dropped out. Some had valid personal reasons unconnected with rate-capping, but the timing can't have been entirely coincidental. They have been replaced, for the most part, by enthusiastic youngsters from the left of the party, many of them single people with limited personal wealth for borough auditors to sequester should they be surcharged for refusing to make a rate. Although I doubt whether the Tories thought it through beforehand, I suppose in the wider context they might view it as no bad thing to put local councils in the hands of people who can be pilloried as 'extremists' and 'wild men [persons] of the left' when election time comes.

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Ted was in a buoyant mood after last week's meeting of leaders of the hit-list councils and other Labour authorities. He is convinced that as long as they maintain their co-ordinated strategy and enjoy the support of the town hall unions, Jenkins can be beaten. Certainly it's difficult to envisage the government trying to run most of inner London faced with the active hostility of council workers and many residents. Solidarity is the key. If the councils do win, it will be because Ted and the others have taken care to plan together in advance and to carry with them those councils that were initially wary of confrontation. The obvious contrast is with the miners' strike which, by comparison, was inadequately prepared. It is a romantic notion to rely on rhetoric, as Arthur Scargill does, to urge your followers to stand up and be counted. Wiser to ensure first that the count will be in your favour.

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I mistrust analogies. Take a remark made the other day by Stuart Young, chairman of the BBC, arguing against the Beeb being made to accept advertising. 'There's no such thing,' he observed, 'as being a little bit pregnant.' That is demonstrably true but it doesn't mean we necessarily have to accept his premise that if you allow advertising on part of the BBC's broadcast output, it will inexorably seep further. Opponents of BBC advertising use two distinct arguments. The first is that there is something inherently corrupting about advertising. It's the attitude that led the Reithian Beeb to forbid sullying the purity of the air waves with brand names and to the tortures its present-day controllers go through over advertising at televised sporting events. It

stems, I think, from the traditional upper-class contempt for trade. That's why I'm suspicious of it. But I do accept the other, more practical objection, that to have two TV services competing for the same source of revenue will lead to a reduction in programme quality in prime time, as both contenders try to grab the mass audience with undemanding fare. There are those who characterise even that view as elitist, believing that people should be offered what most of them want to watch, and pointing out that in any case the concept of prime time has less relevance with the growth in sales of video recorders. Yes, but the BBC has over the years established itself as a source of many programmes of high artistic and journalistic achievement; and an important reason for this is that the nature of its funding renders it remarkably free from external pressures. It would be a wilful act of vandalism to tear it apart.

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There was a sullen air in the supermarket last Friday morning that even the dirt cheap Common Market butter could do nothing to alleviate. 'I'll never believe the weatherman again,' declared a checkout operator, echoing the disillusion expressed at many other workplaces in London and the South east. It was the morning after the blizzard that never was. Forecasters had been setting us up all week for the massive snows about to be let loose on us. On the BBC news the weather forecast had even been incorporated early in the main bulletin, as the readers put on their most solemn looks and indulged in their favourite pastime of scaring the living daylights out of us. This was going to be the big one. 'Drivers are warned to keep off the roads,' declared a breathless reporter, leaving us to wonder where we might drive instead. People altered travel plans and some no doubt decided to stay in bed. At dawn we rushed to the window to see what havoc had been wrought — and saw the plain old grey, damp streets of the night before. I'd willingly pay an increased licence fee if they would guarantee to get their weather forecasts right.

ROGER WODDIS

Don't mention it

Mrs Thatcher, despite a U-turn on the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of VE-day next May, still appears anxious to avoid recognising the Soviet role in the defeat of Hitler.

Let us remember, however embarrassing,
The shadow lifted, the slave set free,
The day when Europe sang its deliverance,
The ended night of the bended knee.
But more than that, with the nightmare gone,
Let us regret whose side we were on.

Yesterday's heroes make awkward companions:
Applaud the Danes, the Dutch and the French,
But not the starving of Lenin's city
Who froze to death at the factory bench;
And let not too many tears be shed
In tribute to twenty million dead.

'The Russians did more to destroy their armies
And rip the guts from their war machine
Than the rest of the allies put together.'
(A curious way for Churchill to lean.)
In spite of the blood, toil, tears and sweat,
This is a day we ought to forget.

Let us be wary of waving banners
And doing more than the times require:
Say a few prayers and fuck the fireman,
After he has put out the fire.
Let us be blind to what bloomed that May,
Let us not think of those things today.

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UNSOLVED BOMBINGS

Both photos: Camera Press

Bettino Craxi (left): determined to stay at the helm. Rino Formica (right): convinced that the CIA is running the show

The Italian secret services have for years been controlled by anti-democratic forces. Their direct links with the CIA and the Mafia have become increasingly clear. But are they deliberately trying to destabilise Italy's democratic institutions, asks Donald Sassoon

> They have warned us. With this massacre they have told us that Italy must keep its place in the international scene. Ours must be nothing more than a walk-on role. With that blood they are telling us that our country cannot develop its own policies in the Mediterranean. They have reminded us that we are and must remain subordinate.. Our national security systems are not able to oppose them and by international agreement they are expected to be inefficient.

THE 'MASSACRE' referred to the explosion on the Naples-Milan train which occurred in the middle of the tunnel between Florence and Bologna on 23 December, killing 17 people and wounding hundreds. The speaker was Rino Formica, leader of the Socialist Party group in the Chamber of Deputies and member of the parliamentary committee on the secret services, in an interview to the Rome daily *La Repubblica*. 'They' are just 'they', throughout the interview. 'They' remain unmentioned not just for diplomatic reasons but also because everyone in Italy understands only too well that 'they' means the CIA.

Rino Formica is not just anybody. He is the potential leader of the Socialist Party should the incumbent, Bettino Craxi, who is also the Prime Minister, be ousted or promoted to higher things such as the Presidency of the Republic. It is also curious that a high-ranking member of a party which has loyally accepted the installation of cruise missiles in Sicily and attempted to outdo the leading Christian Democratic Party in 'Atlanticism' should suggest that the secret services of the country's main allies are in the business of blowing up innocent citizens.

The interview was tucked away in the inside pages. For a week there was a remarkable lack of reaction. It seemed as if Craxi was determined to ignore the episode, as if it were quite usual for a senior politician to accuse the CIA of interfering in the affairs of a NATO country, with the country's own secret services looking the other way because of some political decision or international agreement.

A few days later Leopoldo Elia, who is the head of the Supreme Court, declared in an interview that there are mysterious forces at work to destabilise the country and ensure that it will remain subordinate to foreign countries. He then added that, while the government had assured the public that Italy's secret services had been purged of freemasons, mafiosi and fascists and were now reliable, the massacre of 23 December had proved otherwise.

If Formica could be ignored, the Head of the Constitutional Court could not. Giovanni Spadolini, the pro-American leader of the Republican Party, who is also the Defence Minister, intervened to refute Formica and to demand that Craxi speak up. A debate which in normal circumstances should have occurred within the Cabinet was all over the newspapers. Members of the five parties which form the present coalition engaged in an open debate on whether or not there was a secret pact between Italy and the US whereby Italy had undertaken to defer to the US on matters concerning national security.

It took two weeks for Craxi to come down on the side of Spadolini and declare that what Formica had said was not true: there was no agreement which enshrined Italy's subordination to the US; the relation between the two countries on these matters was a question of give and take. Italy's secret services were now clean, he said. There was nothing to worry about. But Formica was not sacked.

FORMICA's analysis may not be true, but it is plausible. In the first place there is the question of the different ways in which the Italian State has reacted to terrorism. Left-wing or 'red' terrorism has been brought under control. Hundreds of left-wing terrorists (and perhaps a few who are innocent) are now in jail. Many have confessed and denounced others and have been given a reduced prison sentence. It is generally agreed that left-wing terrorism has been defeated, though there might be a few groups who are operational.

Right-wing terrorism has followed a different course: instead of specific targets (politicians, journalists, trade unionists and managers), it has engaged in indiscriminate bombings. It was responsible for the first terrorist incident: the bomb in the Bank of Agriculture in Piazza Fontana in Milan in 1969 which killed 16 people and wounded 88. At first the police accused anarchists, including one who (as the Italians put it) 'was suicided' by falling/jumping/being pushed out of the window of Milan's police station. Then it became clear that the bombers came from right-wing circles. Neo-fascists Franco Freda and Giovanni Ventura, as well as secret service agent Guido Giannettini, were condemned in 1979 to life imprisonment. An appeal court overturned the verdict two years later. To date it has not been proved who was responsible.

In the northern town of Brescia, on 28 May 1974, a bomb exploded during an anti-fascist demonstration killing eight people and wounding 94. Those responsible were never found. On 4 August 1974 a bomb on a train exploded near Bologna killing 12 and injuring 105. The latest incident was a carbon copy of this.

The most serious terrorist attack in Italian history occurred at the Bologna train station on 2 August 1980: 85 dead, more than 200

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wounded. The head of the military secret services (the SISMI), General Pietro Musumeci, arrived in Bologna, announced triumphantly that his men had discovered the truth and gave the investigating magistrates a report with the names of the terrorists. The report was false but nevertheless successfully sidetracked the investigators. Musumeci is now under arrest.

Virtually all heads of Italy's secret services since 1964 have been involved in some form of illegal activities. They have either had to resign, have been under suspicion of involvement with terrorism, have been arrested, or were members of the secret masonic lodge P2. One became a neo-fascist member of Parliament and has successfully claimed parliamentary immunity.

Thus there is no doubt that at least one of Formica's accusations is more than valid: Italy's secret services have been not simply unreliable but under the direct control of anti-democratic forces. In spite of Defence Minister Spadolini's assurances it is unlikely that the clean-up has been very thorough. The services are probably filled with people hired by those who have been dismissed. The parliamentary commission which is supposed to control the services has no teeth, but then no country has been able to devise a system for controlling spies and counter-spies.

WHAT OF THE international connection? Of course, there is no 'hard' evidence to support the view that the Italian services are working on behalf of a foreign power. What is certain is that being situated in the Mediterranean — a crucible of international tension — makes Italy the focus of the undesired attentions of many warring factions and of the secret services of the superpowers and their protégés, including Bulgaria and Israel.

Italy is at the centre of a thriving arms and drugs traffic. The connections between this, the mafia, the freemasons and the various secret services are shadowy and as yet undisclosed, but appear to be linked with international events such as the alleged Bulgarian attempt to assassinate the Pope. It is curious that after 15 years the police have never been able to come to grips with right-wing terrorism as they have done with the left-wing variety.

Another coincidence of events is interesting. Up until the early '70s, Giulio Andreotti — five times Prime Minister, former Minister of Defence and now Foreign Minister — was considered the Italian politician closest to the US and the strongest representative of the Vatican in the Italian government. He has since changed his line, supporting co-operation with the Communists and an independent foreign policy. Suddenly a list containing the names of the members of the P2 secret freemasons lodge has been found. The US has allowed Buscetta, a leading mafiosi, to return to Italy in order to spill the beans about Mafia personalities. And somehow the P2 masonic lodge trail and the mafia trail have led in the direction of Andreotti.

In 1976 Andreotti became Prime Minister of the first government since 1947 which was openly supported by the Communists. The architect of this initiative was Aldo Moro, President of the Christian Democrats, killed by the Red Brigades in 1978. Moro's widow is convinced that the long hand of the US is behind the Red Brigades. At the trial of her husband's murderers she claimed that Henry Kissinger had once told Moro: 'You must stop trying to co-operate with the communists. Either you do this or you will pay for it'.

Moro, the powerful figure in the alliance with the Communists, died, but Andreotti continued to be on good terms with the Communists even after the end of the entente between Christian Democrats and the PCI. As foreign minister he has travelled widely, pursuing a dialogue with Syria and Libya, has gone to Moscow and to Poland where he tried to mediate between the Church, Solidarity and the government and has consistently taken a pro-détente line.

He had a strong chance of succeeding Pertini as President of the Republic in June this year. But the suspicions over his Mafia and P2 connections are such that the Communists can no longer support him, not even covertly. Meanwhile the Socialists are trapped in a government enclosed in the confines of a strategy aimed at ensuring the continuing presence of Craxi at its helm. The price to be paid is subservience to the US. No one in Italy poses the question of whether the country should continue to be a member of NATO any more. What is really at stake is the degree of national independence Italy is allowed to have. Craxi is prepared to side with the Atlantic lobby against Formica. It remains to be seen whether the rest of his party will follow him. □

SUDAN

ISLAMIC REGIME IN TROUBLE

Deborah Pugh reports on a dictatorship losing its grip

Khartoum

MAHMOUD MOHAMED TAHA, the 76 year old leader of an obscure Muslim political organisation, the Republican Brothers, was the cause of minor political nuisance to all governments in the Sudan since the 1940s, when he became active against the British. The decision by President Ja'far Numeiri to go ahead with his public execution last Friday is evidence of the extent to which he is now rattled by the growing political opposition to his regime. Such public executions have been rare in modern Sudanese history.

Publicly, Numeiri was just upholding the verdict of Sudan's new Islamic courts, in order to 'protect the nation from the danger of Mahmoud Mohamed Taha and his slander of God'. But the political purpose of the execution was to give a warning to the critics of his military dictatorship. To oppose Numeiri — the 'leader-president' and Imam — has now been made tantamount to criticising God, which is heresy and punishable by death. Numeiri's new Islamic 'Courts of Prompt Justice' bear far more resemblance to martial law than to religious courts. In this case the judge was in his early twenties and blatantly ignorant of the detail of Islamic law.

The elderly Taha was chosen to make an example because his party lacks any mass base. The Republican Brothers are mainly students and intellectuals. Unlike their larger and far more militantly conservative rivals, the Muslim Brotherhood — ironically the one of many banned Sudanese parties which support Numeiri's 'Islamic' policy — the Republican Brothers believe in passive resistance, not armed struggle. Moreover, Taha's unorthodox reinterpretation of the Islamic legal code has not exactly become 'popular politics'.

His denunciation, though, of the harsh way in which Islamic law is now enforced in the Sudan is echoed by many ordinary Sudanese Muslims and by every political party, except the Muslim Brotherhood and the Sudanese Socialist Union (the country's only legal party). While most northern Sudanese are devout Muslims, few have been able to stomach public amputations for theft or lashings for drinking alcohol.

The Sudanese have a live-and-let-live attitude to life and religion. Today the visitor to Khartoum is repeatedly told: 'This is not Islam. Islam is merciful to those who are starving and steal for food'.

The effect of Taha's execution on the Sudan has been electric. In the week before his hanging, there was unprecedented political unity in meetings at Khartoum University demanding his release. The Communist Party, the liberal Unionist Democratic Party, the Islamic Umma Party, trade unions and student organisations have all united in condemnation of it. Rival demonstrations followed the execution, with government supporters from the Muslim Brotherhood demonstrating with police protection and the opposition risking imprisonment.

This sudden unity of the opposition has clearly worried the Americans and Egyptians, the current sponsors of Numeiri's erratic 16-year dictatorship. They are baffled by his sudden switch from playboy to puritan. It is believed that it was pressure from Numeiri's horrified allies (President Mubarak is no fan of Islamic fundamentalism) that saved the four young men also sentenced to death along with Taha.

WESTERN CONCERN about Numeiri's

Camera Press

General Numeiri: playboy turned desperate puritan

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sudden bout of religious obsession centres on the dramatic alienaton it has brought about in the South, where the population is largely animist or Christian. The guerrilla war being fought against Numeiri by the Sudanese People's Liberation Movement is led by John Garang, who is described as a Marxist and has close links with the Ethiopians. The government in Khartoum now seems able to control little outside the main towns, accessible only by air.

Numeiri appears not to grasp his degree of isolation. He is widely reported not to brook any criticism. His ministers are shuffled so frequently that all their self-respect and initiative has been lost. In Khartoum all decisions seem to be made by the President. If he suspects that any minister is engaged in independent action his resignation is promptly demanded.

All this explains the chaos and general state of despondency which hangs over Khartoum today. Nothing appears to concern the government, except internal security, control of the media and the endless manoeuvring for foreign aid — off which the Sudanese 'establishment' lives.

Senator Edward Kennedy, in his headline grabbing campaign swing around Africa this month, apparently experienced the regime's incompetence himself. Assured by President Numeiri that refugees from Ethiopia in Sudanese refugee camps were being cared for, Kennedy was shocked to find mass starvation when he arrived on his inspection tour. Kennedy demanded action, it is reported, from the Sudanese Commissioner for Refugees, who controls the food pouring into Sudan for international relief. Yet, a week later, aid workers in the same area were being forced to buy scarce grain on the local market to feed refugees, while local officials sat on a grain shipment flown in from the United States, because they had not received an order from Khartoum to distribute it.

The plight of the Ethiopian refugees is bad, but that of Sudanese themselves fleeing the drought, who have no aid from international organisations, is worse. Some 40-50,000 drought victims from the Western province of Kordofan, who have been living on the charity of the people of the capital for months, are now being forcibly shipped back to their drought stricken homes. The government is refusing to provide them with food, while they remain on the outskirts of Khartoum in their miserable huts. Some of those bused out of the capital have filtered back, complaining that they were dumped under a tree with a bag of grain and told to get on with tilling the parched soil.

President Numeiri criticised the Ethiopian government for its drought on the grounds that its 'political philosophy' was responsible for causing its agricultural disaster. He is now having difficulty because much of Sudan is suffering drought after three years without rain. Aid workers now estimate that hundreds of thousands of Sudanese are starving and that the number could easily reach a million by March, since this year's harvest was again so poor.

The execution of Mahmoud Mohamad Taha has given Sudan's opposition parties a martyr to rally around. With the civil war in the South escalating daily and the prospect of famine in 1985, Sudan's political crisis is accelerating. □

SOUTHERN AFRICA

PLANNING FOR A PEOPLE'S WAR

Howard Barrell interviews the ANC's Oliver Tambo (right)

Harare

WHEN AFRICAN National Congress President Oliver Tambo repeated the slogan a third time, the 500 exiled South African ANC members packing the small hall in central Lusaka could be forgiven for fearing that they were to be subjected to a stream of rhetoric.

'La-lu-ta con-ti-nua' shouted Tambo yet again, dragging out each syllable. 'Continua', responded the faithful, fists in the air.

He, like the Blacks and the few whites of all ages sweating and singing in Lusaka's muggy summer heat a fortnight ago to celebrate the ANC's anniversary had to accept the fact that they and their forebears had struggled for 73 years and were still some way short of victory. Tambo told them as much. Indeed, as Tambo's former legal partner, the jailed ANC leader Nelson Mandela, once put it, the road to South African freedom is 'no easy walk'.

One hopeful sign is the rising number of white South African journalists, academics and businessmen now either calling for talks between the government and the ANC, or making pilgrimages to the ANC external mission headquarters — down an obscure, littered alley in central Lusaka. One of President P.W. Botha's own MPs, Wynand Malan, is now among those calling publicly for talks with the ANC. He is from a new breed of Afrikaner nationalist, known as a *oorbeligte* — that is, one of the 'over-illuminated'.

Tambo told me in an interview in Lusaka that he sees this snowballing white response arising out of the realisation that 'the Botha government is fast running out of options'. The government's new constitution has failed miserably to attract black support. Far from the ANC being crushed by last year's Nkomati accord between the Botha government and Frelimo in Mozambique — the opposite has happened. Government attempts to keep the rapidly growing black union movement out of politics had failed. Late last year, South Africa witnessed unrest in black townships which Law and Order Minister Louis Le Grange characterised as more serious that the Soweto uprising of 1976. Apartheid's inequalities and the insatiable demands of 'security' were major causes of the country's worst economic crisis in 55 years.

'So, for the regime, things are getting out of hand, and the ANC remains intact. That is basically why these white voices have arisen', said Tambo.

OPTIMISM IS A REQUIREMENT of 73 years in the field. And Tambo does not lack it — thought this soft-spoken and thoughtful lawyer is not given to the normal extravagance of most revolutionary rhetoric. He does not doubt that those surrounding Botha (for whom the vision

Camera Press

'Botha is fast running out of options'

of South Africa's future is visible only down gun sights) will soon seek to reassert themselves — to halt this (premature) 'talk about talks' with the ANC.

Tambo rejected press reports that there had already been talks between the ANC and the South African government late last year. There had been no such talks, negotiations, contacts of any kind, he said. He laid down two broad conditions under which talks might occur: one, that Botha agree to negotiate over the 'modalities of putting an end to the system of apatheid' with the goal of a 'united democratic and non-racial South Africa': two, that the ANC get a clear 'mandate' from its supporters inside the country to enter such talks.

The ANC, Tambo said, is now in the midst of preparations for a major consultative conference this year — the first since 1969. The dates and location are being kept secret in order to avoid a South African raid. Between 100 and 200 delegates are likely to attend. The major focus will fall on military strategy and the need to extend the ANC's underground activity inside South Africa, said Tambo.

Following the anti-ANC security pacts signed by the Botha government with Mozambique and Swaziland, the ANC must develop methods of sustaining and expanding political and guerrilla activity inside South Africa which depend to a lesser extent on transit through, and support from, neighbouring countries.

Tambo is confident that it can be done. 'We have never proceeded on the basis that we are going to rely on the ability of neighbouring states to support our struggle — invaluable as that support is. Armed struggle is coming on within South Africa. There is a lull now, but it is a short lull relatively. That is because arrangements are being made, organisation is taking place. And it is all going to develop within South Africa', said Tambo.

TAMBO INDICATED that guerrillas in the ANC's military wing, *Umkhonto We Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation), may not be required to exercise quite so much caution in future to avoid inflicting casualties on civilians. 'Over the past 23 years armed struggle has consisted largely of attacking economic and similar targets — of sabotage. Now and again, the

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struggle has manifested a shift towards what are called 'soft targets'. The general preference for sabotage in the past is going to come under very serious review', he said.

But the ANC said in an official statement from Lusaka last week that whatever military escalation took place, ANC attacks would not be 'specifically directed at any civilians'. He expected that guerrillas would in future also 'combine armed struggle with political mass actions. We think the two belong together'.

He was unhappy with the way the ANC underground had been operating inside the country. 'We certainly don't think it has been working well'. He hoped that the conference would promote to more senior positions some of the thousands of young black men and women who have joined the ANC since the 1976 Soweto uprising. He came out clearly in favour of opening the ranks of the ANC's top administrative body — the national executive committee — to non-Africans for the first time. The conference would 'test opinion' on this issue.

Until now, a small though significant number of whites, Coloureds and Indians have served on other top ANC bodies with Africans — occasionally authorised to take decisions in the name of the executive. 'But we cannot mark time when we have grown to be the embryo of a future non-racial South Africa. We must move forward and reflect in our structures the kind of South Africa that we say we envisage', said Tambo. He thought it likely that the conference would endorse the political strategy set out at the last consultative meeting in Tanzania in 1969. This is based on the forging of political unity between all sections and classes of the black population (together with South Africa's few 'progressive whites') in a national liberation struggle in which a primary position is assigned to the black working class and its interests.

Left-wing pressure at the conference for greater emphasis on the role of the black working class could cause problems. The issue has been thrust to the fore in South Africa, where some of the major black unions have indicated a preference for 'non-involvement' with multi-class political groups. These 'independent worker' unions did, however, combine with multi-class organisations in a two-day general strike in the Transvaal last November, which brought South Africa's economic heartland to a virtual standstill.

But Tambo expected 'no problems' on this score. He pointed to the two-day strike as evidence of a 'very substantial shift on the part of the workers towards the acceptance of the view that they must be part of the popular mass struggle.

'I think the conference will (decide) that the ANC must take steps to help in the organisation and mobilisation of the workers, not just in the cities but also among the unemployed and the farmworkers as part of the national liberation effort.'

What Tambo terms 'popular mass struggle' is one area where the ANC appears well pleased. He estimated — probably realistically — that the considerable amount of organisation inside the country over the past two years mobilising Blacks against the new constitution meant about 'two million' people were now involved in the struggle against apartheid in a reasonably active way. □

POLAND

JUSTICE — DONE TO BE SEEN

Gary Mead on Jaruzelski's success in turning an embarrassing murder to his political advantage

THE TRIAL of the four secret policemen charged with the kidnapping and murder of Father Jerzy Popiueluszko, the Roman Catholic priest, is now heading towards a conclusion that will, in some ways, signal a success for General Jaruzelski's regime. The four former SB officers are unlikely to receive the death sentence; whatever prison terms they serve will be in isolation. It is quite possible that undisclosed plea bargaining went on — in return for them not dragging down more senior officers in the Ministry of the Interior (the MSW), they will probably get off relatively lightly.

The trial, which has been greeted in the West as a unique event for a Communist country, is as important for what did *not* happen. There are now rumours in Warsaw that the MSW is about to undergo a thorough overhaul, to prevent such over-zealous maverick officers from making further 'mistakes'. But according to other information circulating from the MSW, senior officers are angry that the trial even took place. For them, the death of Popieluszko was 'useful' in terms of intimidation — just one minor episode in their continuing battle with the Church.

Much has been made of the mere fact that the trial took place, with General Jaruzelski receiving praise from some very unlikely quarters for what is seen as his willingness to demonstrate to the world at large that justice is even-handed in today's Poland. That is a fundamental mis-reading of the trial. There have been many instances in the last two years of secret police abusing their virtually total powers, involving deaths in several cases — yet none of them faced official investigation, trial and imprisonment. The trial of Piotrowski, Pekala, Chmielewski and Pietruszka was not indicative of any moves by the regime towards greater justice for all; it was rather a sign that it has learnt the importance of good PR.

The media treatment of this affair, from the kidnap through the trial, supports this view. The trial *was* unique for two reasons: first, SB officers who just thought that they had been carrying out their duty were sitting in the dock; but, second and even more interestingly, it was made into a managed media event — splashed across the state-owned TV, radio and newspapers, almost as if the regime was saying: 'Now look how really open we're being'.

Since long before martial law there have been many well-documented cases of attacks on ordinary citizens by SB officers. All of them were played down, officially ignored and denied. Why change now? Popieluszko was an enemy — every spokesman for the regime said so before he was murdered; and they have said it since, too. On Hungarian TV on 17 November the Polish Minister responsible for Religious Affairs, Adam Lopatka, said that Popieluszko was 'not only the most loudly anti-communist priest; he organised an entire network around himself'. In other words — he had it coming.

There was clearly a policy decision at the very highest level that, if the priest's kidnap and murder could not just be left as a mystery (and the bungling failure to kill Popieluszko's driver as well guaranteed that), then the only way to recover any credibility was to go the whole way. Jaruzelski's advisers would have argued that to stage a trial involved risks, but to hush *this* one up involved even greater risks.

Hence the media saturation — let's bore the public to death with lengthy verbatim transcripts of legalistic questions-and-answers, let's accept that some embarrassing revelations about the MSW's dirty tricks will come out: so long as we can come to some arrangement with the accused to keep their mouths shut.

The trial, like many other similarly surprising events in Poland, was aimed at one vital audience — the West. To return to the club of international respectability, and therefore to *begin* to restore the shattered economy, the Polish regime has to convince the West that it can take an independent line from Moscow and heal its massive domestic wounds. If an apparently well-conducted trial of the killers can be staged, then Jaruzelski will get a reluctant pat on the back from the West.

From how the rest of the Soviet bloc media have treated the trial, this becomes even more obvious. The only direct comment made by Soviet media came on 1 November, when TV, radio and TASS carried a statement from PAP (sic), the Polish news agency. PAP's statement announced the murder of Popieluszko, but then neatly inverted the incident's real meaning, by saying that it was 'political provocation' against 'normalisation' and against the Polish authorities, who 'ensure the country's tranquility'. Since then the Soviet media have been silent on the whole affair, and on the trial.

Other countries in the bloc have followed a similar line. East Germany has kept total silence on the issue. Hungarian radio broadcast an announcement of the kidnap on 20 October, adding that Popieluszko had 'preached against national reconciliation' (i.e. had spoken against the forced repression of Solidarity). A week later Czech TV (on 28 October) announced the kidnap, and said that 'people have already appeared' who were using it to 'whip' citizens into rage and hatred against the Polish authorities. But on the trial itself, and on the alarming revelation that the murder was carried out by members of the MSW, and that (as the defendants have testified) the murder of Popieluszko was just the extreme end of a whole rag-bag of SB illegal conspiracies to terrorise many priests, the Soviet bloc media have been dumb.

The reaction of the rest of the Soviet bloc is sufficient evidence that, whatever formal pronouncements the Polish regime makes about cleaning up the MSW and SB, significant changes are impossible. Real change would mean bringing the SB into line. That really would set a precedent for the Soviet bloc — and give Jaruzelski's supporters in Moscow serious doubts about his ability to steer the country back towards a more 'normal' state. □

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LETTERS

Questions of parenthood

Joan Lestor, London SW17

As an adoptive parent who breathed a sigh of relief when baby Cotton was handed over to her natural father and his wife, I cannot help feeling that so many of the arguments against surrogacy now being employed could equally be used against adoption of children. As your leader (*NS* 11 January) remarks, behind this debate runs the idea that motherhood in the context of a 'normal' marriage is a socially 'sacred' and necessary experience for women and that the child that is given up by its biological mother is, in some way, deprived.

In my view the evidence for the above is the outcry against surrogacy which never took place about AID. There are around 2½ thousand babies conceived every year through this method; the law still regards them as illegitimate yet the husband of the woman bearing the child will register himself as the father and that will be the end of the matter.

With the shortage of babies for adoption and the desire of many childless couples to raise a baby rather than an older child surrogacy is here to stay. If the government gives in to panic it will simply drive it underground and the many problems involved will not be dealt with.

The 1975 Children's Act brought adoption and fostering into a less secret area and widened the scope. All of us who have adopted children have no doubt gone to great pains to assure our children they were wanted. A child conceived through surrogacy, like the child conceived through AID, is just as wanted.

Close to monetarism

Doug Jones, Economic Assistant to Roy Hattersley, House of Commons

Michael Ward (Letters 18 January) comes close to being a monetarist. And when it comes to the analysis of inflation he has far more in common with Milton Friedman and Margaret Thatcher than he does with me. Let me explain.

Ward sees the problem of inflation as stemming from the issue of credit which ultimately rests on the lender of last resort role played by the Central Banks. Since for every credit issue a deposit is created, and it is largely the expansion of deposits that accounts for the expansion of the various definitions of the money supply, to imply that inflation is credit driven is the same as saying that it is increases in the money supply that *cause* inflation. From this common analysis, the only difference lies in the technique for monetary control. Milton Friedman proposes monetary base control to exercise indirect control over the creation of credit. Michael Ward proposes direct control via nationalisations in the banking sector.

If there is the free collective bargaining between capital and labour within this rigid framework that Ward advocates, then the result will be precisely the same as under Margaret Thatcher — bankruptcies and mass unemployment.

For the trouble with the technocratic solutions of Margaret, Milton and Michael (the M3?!) is that they mistake cause and effect. Credit is not the cause of inflation but the response of the banking system to inflationary pressures that arise due to the competing claims on real national income from profits, wages, taxes and imports. As a socialist I would have thought that it is better to act directly on these forces through agreement about the allocation of national income, than to impose a monetary straitjacket. For ultimately the only way in which the latter works is via its impact on cost and demand variables such as the exchange rate, the rate of redundancies, wage levels, profit levels, etc.

Ward is quite correct that he could suppress inflation. But what happens under Ward's system when credit is relaxed in order to aid growth? And how is the division between output and prices to be determined without an agreement on the allocation of income?

I share Ward's concern that such a policy could lead to Labour holding down the incomes of its lowest paid supporters. That is why I originally advocated minimum wage legislation which I went on to assert can only really work within the context of an agreement on prices and incomes. And if Ward does not trust the Labour Party on this score why should he trust it on any other?

H.E. Challands, Chesterfield

Michael Ward's further fulmination against incomes policy is devoid of facts and wholly ignores the success achieved through its use under the Healey chancellorship. The annual inflation rate was reduced from 28 per cent to 7 per cent in that period while employment steadily increased. (Mr Ward will, no doubt, find it incredible that the number of employees in employment in the UK actually rose by over 300,000 in the 12 months leading up to the 1979 general election!)

Over the same period the standard of living of the less well-off rose quite noticeably through the payment of a generous social wage which the incomes policy allowed. Not idyllic; but, according to the opinion polls of the time, well supported by the recipients.

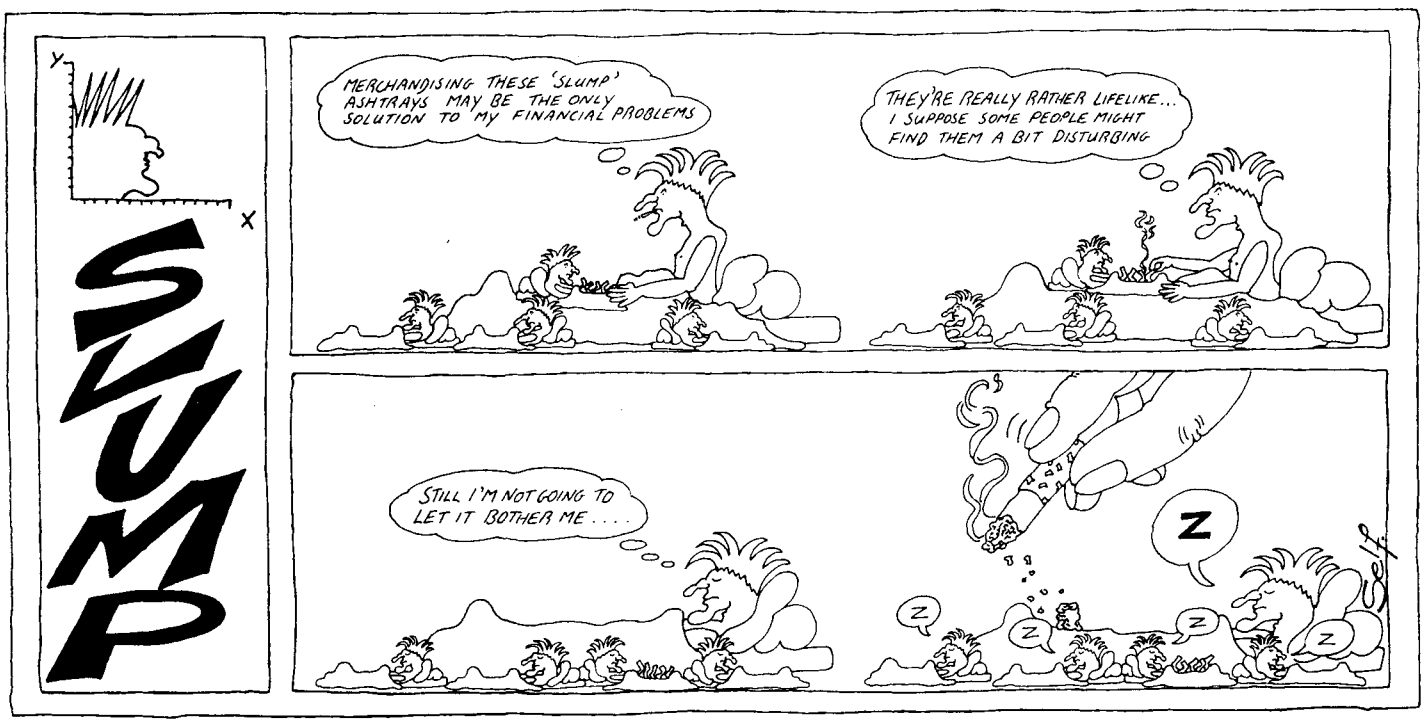
The Healey effort, involving as it did the use of incomes policy, needs to be contrasted with that of his successor. Free collective bargaining and the net loss of two million jobs in Geoffrey Howe's first two years of office seem to me to have been a poor exchange.

I suspect that millions of others will agree and, looking back, will see 1978 as the apogee of the post-war movement to improve working-class living standards. It was halted not, as Mr Ward argues, through the application of an incomes policy by a Labour government, but by the decision of the wider Labour movement to reject the policy in favour of free collective bargaining. It has been down-hill ever since.

Famous debts

Douglas Cherry, University of Saskatchwan, Canada

In his important article 'Tawneyism is not enough' (*NS* 21 December) Gareth Stedman Jones attributes the concept 'Industry should be pursued as a profession' to Tawney. The proposal is fully discussed by Ruskin in the first chapter of *Unto this Last*, 1860. It is perhaps not surprising that such writers as Tawney, J.K. Galbraith and Eric Fromm do not acknowledge debts to Ruskin, since Ruskin never acknowledged his debts to such writers as Pugin, for his insights into Gothic



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architecture, and to Ricardo, for his suggestions about a labour theory of value.

Down on dossers

Rick Middleton, Campaign for Single Homeless People (CHAR)

Denis Knight ('Poor Law today', *NS* 11 January) enjoyed his rhetoric far too much to be concerned to check his story or his historical facts.

Knight's article reeks of his implicit contempt for homeless people. 'Doss house' is as much a term of abuse denigrating its residents, as it is of the building itself: 'doss houses' are where 'dossers' live. How callously he lists the alternatives to resettlement units — 'the cardboard box, park bench or mortuary'. Thus are the lives of single homeless people easily dismissed for the sake of a dramatic line in a punchy article.

A GLC-funded support project* for homeless people sleeping rough in its final report confirmed that homeless people, when asked, say clearly that they do not like institutions such as resettlement units. What homeless people know is that resettlement units, or 'spikes', are direct descendants of the 'barbarities of the hated Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834'. The casual wards of the Poor Law workhouses punished and controlled the destitute able-bodied. Suggesting that they, and the Elizabethan Poor Law, 'affirmed a reciprocity between citizen and State' is grotesque. A State which starves, humiliates, physically punishes and incarcerates its homeless unemployed is not reciprocating allegiance. It is controlling the potentially disaffected.

Those same casual wards passed to the State in 1948 with the reorganisation of social security and 90 per cent were closed. The remaining 23 were renamed reception centres, then resettlement units, and they remained in limbo. Frequently accommodated in nissen huts, usually outside cities or in run-down industrial areas, they kept their residents in limbo too, isolated from the, otherwise, universal services of the Welfare State — housing departments, social services and the NHS.

The article's news peg, that the DHSS is expected at any moment to announce plans for the closure and replacement of resettlement units, is only speculation. It is important that such proposals be publicised and debated. At issue is the opportunity to end State control and punishment of homeless people and to transfer State resources into opening housing, social services and the NHS to homeless people who have been shut out of the Welfare State.

*'Sleeping out in Central London': A report by the Central London Outreach Team, May 1984.

For the record

Eben R. Foggitt, Head of Contracts, Video Arts Ltd

I write with reference to an article written by Ros Franey and concerning a High Court copyright action involving Video Arts Limited and Arthur Young McClelland Moores & Co (*NS* 11 January). In this, I am quoted as stating that 'For once we had absolute evidence, in our view, that four, possibly five, pirated copies of our training films were being used by Arthur Youngs.' This is not entirely correct.

My comment was, in fact, that when applying to the High Court and subsequently the Court of Appeal we had, in our view, absolute evidence of copyright infringement in that we were in possession of copies of two training films and that following the hearing on 17 December we were in possession of four, possibly five, infringing copies.

As this matter is still before the High Court, I feel it is important to record this inaccuracy. ▷

FEEDBACK 1

Why this pit strike is doomed

RAPHAEL SAMUEL's 'reply' (*NS* 11 January) to Michael Ignatieff is really most odd. He tells us that 'the huge latent sympathy for the miners has not been mobilised. It is proper, and indeed urgent, for socialists to reflect on this', yet when Ignatieff attempts just such reflections, Raph Samuel's only response to them is to raise issues which are so tangential to the original piece as to be almost whimsical.

Michael is altogether too nice to say these things, so let me say them:

1. The miners are going to lose this strike.
2. They are going to lose because, as even Raph has to admit, they have never gained the *organised* support, either inside the NUM or outside it, which would have allowed it to be won.
3. There was probably a maximum and a minimum coalition of forces which could have won it (where 'win it' means the total unconditional withdrawal of the closure programme, and the dropping of the 'uneconomic pits' criterion for closure).
4. The maximum coalition would have been a united NUM plus total support from the power workers.
5. The minimum coalition would probably have been a united NUM, plus total support from the dockers, the railwaymen and the TGWU (the lorry drivers). At the least such a coalition could probably have forced the government to use troops.

It is obvious that neither the maximum nor minimum conditions have been met, or even come near to being met. It is equally obvious that the two developments which rendered their attainment impossible were (a) the failure of the NUM to hold a national ballot on the strike and (b) the failure of both the NUR and the Dockworkers leadership to deliver their rank and file membership in total support for the strike. The dockers' leadership in particular cannot be faulted for effort — they made two valiant attempts at national dock strikes — but in both cases the actions had to be officially called off, in order to pre-empt their humiliating collapse through 'dock floor' revolts. I certainly believe that (a) and (b) are related, i.e. one major reason that rank and file support from other unions was not forthcoming was that the miners themselves were divided. And on this matter one has a simple choice to make. Either the Notts miners are liars or they are not, i.e. either they *would* have come out in support of a national ballot majority (even if the local area vote had gone against), as they have repeatedly contended, or they would not. I personally believe them, and I also believe there was a moment when such a national majority could have been won. It follows that the NUM leadership was guilty of a major tactical blunder.

Any responsible union leadership has two major political tasks to undertake when considering strike action. The first, and clearly the paramount task is to ensure the *absolute solidarity* of the strike among its own membership. The second is to weigh the balance of contending forces and to calculate what can realistically be attained given that balance. It is clear that our Arthur failed on both counts. If you believe the 'Kellner' thesis, this was because he conceived the strike in proto-revolutionary terms — in which case he is an idiot. If you do not believe the Kellner thesis (I don't) he has at the very least to be convicted of incompetence. In particular he seems to have made no assessment either of the other union support which would be required or (more importantly) of the likelihood of getting it, *until the strike was already under way.* As Jimmy Reid noted a while ago now, the assumption seems to have been that once the miners' cavalry charge was in motion, the support troops would quickly rally. And what can lie at the bottom of such an assumption (for this is all it can have been) except some gut-level essentialism about 'the working class'. Joe Gormley knew better.

And it is in *this* context surely that we have to set the heroism of the miners and their families, to which Raph Samuel pays homage (proper homage I do not deny). For given the capacity of any union leadership to rely upon and summon that heroism — that loyalty, that tenacity, that willingness to sacrifice — *it must act in a manner which is worthy of it — and by 'worthy' I mean both morally and politically worthy.* In other words it must call that heroism to action only in pursuit of *clearly specified aims* which are *capable of being attained.* In short, at the head of heroism must stand the cool calculation of forces and possibilities. Otherwise the heroic are simply condemned to pointless suffering. I believe the mining families of Scotland, Durham, Yorkshire, S. Wales and Kent have been so condemned by an irresponsible leadership.

Why could not the support of the power workers, the dockers, the railwaymen, the lorry drivers be delivered — or at least not in any other than a fragmentary way? This is the question which lies at the centre of Michael Ignatieff's piece. He suggests that it could not be delivered because these people could not be convinced — as people — of the justice of the miners' case. And he also suggests that unless they were convinced — as individuals — they would not act, i.e. they had no prior identity as 'workers' among whom appeals for 'solidarity' would find 'automatic', 'essential' assent. In short, the miners' leadership had the duty of convincing these, some of their fellow citizens, of the *rightness* of the miners' claims and action, and they not only failed to do this, they made no serious attempt to do it.

Michael also suggests that what would have convinced dockers as citizens, railwaymen as citizens, would have convinced many other citizens too, though in their case such assent would have had to take the more passive form of grinning and bearing it in the darkness, and making violently anti-government noises to opinion pollsters and anybody else who would listen.

It is significant that Raph Samuel hardly breathes such issues until the last three paragraphs. For the rest he contents himself with uplifting descriptions of the struggle in the villages. But every such description just makes me, for one, ever angrier with a leadership which with every additional day of the strike proves itself more and more unworthy of the followers it commands.

Gavin Kitching

Gavin Kitching is the author of Rethinking Socialism: A Theory for a Practice, *Methuen, 1983.*

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Tribune: wider issues

John Jennings, former Secretary, Campaign for Press & Broadcasting Freedom

The *Tribune* saga (*NS* 11 & 18 January) makes compulsive reading. But I can't agree with everything Chris Mullin writes.

Chris refers to the efforts I made, as the then secretary of the Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom, to achieve 'conciliation' and a negotiated settlement of the *Tribune* dispute. This is correct as far as it goes. But while the CPBF were opposed to the attempted boardroom takeover by John Silkin and Lord Bruce, and seriously concerned about the threatened destruction of *Tribune*'s internal democracy and general accountability, getting involved in the affairs of Deptford Labour Party was different.

Chris's no doubt understandable response to the Silkin/Bruce takeover bid, and their attempts to sack him as editor, was to engage enthusiastically in mounting a counter-attack in John Silkin's constituency party and to try to sack him as MP. I took the line as secretary of the CPBF that while the first of these disputes was legitimately of concern to us, the second was none of our business. While we could not ignore what was going on, or entirely avoid involvement, I resisted attempts to drag the CPBF into close alignment with either side in the de-selection battle which was then taking place. I still believe I was right.

There is, however, an even more important issue involved concerning the democratic ownership of the press. This relates to the so-called 'friendly society' which was intended to replace *Tribune*'s old private shareholder structure. Initially we welcomed this, but previous experience with the problems of co-operative ownership of *East End News* prompted closer examination. It was then that big difficulties arose.

1. *Tribune* could not be run as a friendly society, because friendly societies cannot legally run a business. There was nothing to stop them *calling* it a friendly society, but it would have to be registered as a co-operative, operating under a different Act of Parliament.
2. If it was to be a *readers'* co-op — which was the case — there could be no reserved places on the board for workers' representatives, nor for the organisations of the labour movement such as CLPs and trade unions. This was ruled out by the Registrar of Friendly Societies (who is also responsible for co-ops).

So the original plan was becoming unworkable. And whereas Messrs Silkin and Bruce had removed two staff representatives from the board but retained two, it was looking at that stage as though the co-operative structure would result in *all* the workers' representatives being removed. This was something neither I nor the CPBF were prepared to support as a model for democratic ownership of the media. I therefore proposed a kind of hybrid ownership structure, part co-op, part limited liability company, which, though far from perfect, would have given individual readers, staff, and supporting organisations representation in the management.

I must add that I believe a major share of the responsibility for the overall problem must lie with the Registrar of Friendly Societies. Capitalism has successfully evolved a sophisticated and diverse system of ownership structures sufficient to meet the varying needs of private ownership. But when a group of people try to set up a co-operative they are faced with a Registrar who imposes a restrictive and bureaucratic interpretation of what should constitute a 'bona fide' co-op.

If I am right, this is a pretty important question, going far beyond *Tribune* and its problems. I wrote to the Registrar at the time asking for his point of view. I have never had a reply.

FEEDBACK 2

Tribune: another view

CHRIS MULLIN presided over the death of *Tribune* as an influential journal of the Left. His two articles (*NS* 11 & 18 January) attempt to put the blame for this on everybody except himself.

First, Mullin was kept fully informed of the financial state of *Tribune* both before and after he became editor. Board minutes prove that. If Mullin couldn't understand the facts put before him, that's his problem.

Second, the opposition to his editorship came about because he broke the pledges that he himself had made as to the standards of political journalism that *Tribune* would uphold. He pledged himself to policies not personalities, to a journal that would not be the property of any sect, to a high profile on women's issues. But what happened in reality?

Neil Kinnock was called 'Frank Chapple's pin-up boy'. In the first eight issues under Mullin, Michael Foot was four times likened to Hugh Gaitskell. Joe Ashton MP was accused of not putting up a 'Vote Labour' poster in his window during the 1982 municipal elections. No apologies were given on any of these occasions.

Conversely, an article pointing out that Tony Benn had joined with Peter Shore in opposing increased trade union involvement in industrial planning was spiked. Criticism of Benn in readers' letters was edited out before publication. Criticism over a point of fact from a former *Tribune* seller (who was, incidentally, unemployed) was answered with the public accusation that the seller owed *Tribune* money. Allen McGarvey of the Greater London Enterprise Board was attacked for getting a car with his job; when Frances Morrell of ILEA requested a chauffeur-driven car, that story was spiked.

We mention these examples not to reopen old wounds, but to remind people just how far and how fast *Tribune* under Mullin declined from its previous standards of journalism. Its behaviour in the 1983 general election sums it up: Mullin abandoned the established practice of publishing a day early on the week of polling day. *Tribune* did not appear on the Wednesday to boost Labour. It appeared on Friday to apportion blame. *Tribune*, under Mullin, became a sectarian journal. Occasional articles from Roy Hattersley or Austin Mitchell were tokenism.

It was Nye Bevan's wartime editorship that made *Tribune* an influential journal. It was Nye's widow, Jennie Lee, and his former Parliamentary Private Secretary, Donald Bruce, both shareholders, who took the initiative in opposing Mullin. John Silkin, as a friend of both, but not yet the owner of the one share he now possesses, became involved. To suggest that he acted to silence criticism of himself is ridiculous, although he certainly had no love for Mullin. Ill feeling stemmed from the 1981 Deputy Leadership contest, when Mullin, as a Benn lieutenant, tried to place an anti-Silkin story in the *Daily Mail*.

As Mullin says, 1981 was a fraught year for *Tribune*. But the circulation did *not* then collapse due to Dick Clements's refusal to break with the *Tribune* tradition of not backing individual candidates in internal Labour Party elections. It was fraught because Mullin argued continually with Clements and refused to write anything that would not help Benn. This put a considerable strain on the rest of the staff.

Mullin certainly had the support of his staff during his own troubled times — but largely because he appointed clones to work under him. However, when Nigel Williamson was appointed several qualified women applicants were not even interviewed. No resources were put into the new women's page, which soon failed. Contributions from women have all but disappeared.

Williamson must be cursing Mullin now. To our layman's eyes Mullin seems to have conceded the entire legal case in support of the disputed shares of 23 December 1982 — the origin of the Donald Bruce legal action. Mullin conceded that that board meeting was held on legal advice for the purpose of issuing a majority shareholding to the staff. Yet the circulated agenda made no reference to this, and the meeting took place with prior knowledge that Silkin and Bruce would be absent.

Mullin seems to have no understanding of why the Friendly Society scheme was opposed. It would have allowed non-Labour Party members a substantial say in the running of *Tribune*. Indeed, this was actually encouraged: promotional leaflets for the Society were placed in a journal of the International Marxist Group. When asked about this by a *Times* journalist, Mullin said he would place advertisements in Tory journals if it raised money. The connection between shareholding and control seemed not to have occurred to him.

Finally, his assertion that he stopped *Tribune*'s 'spiral of decline' is fantasy, and there is ample documentary evidence to prove this. The board minutes for March 1984 show a 'gloomy picture' of finance and state that 'circulation is declining especially through wholesalers. Last year's test through W.H. Smith had not been a success.' In June we read of 'static' circulation. Business manager Jean Gibbons 'expressed concern as to the financial condition of the Company'. In August there is reference to 'the declining circulation of the last three years'.

Inevitably, the minutes also reveal the increasing isolation from the broader Labour movement of *Tribune* under Mullin. This from March 1984: 'M. Madden [Labour MP Max Madden] suggested editorial supporting miners might bring more advertising. C. Mullin expressed difficulty in getting good articles on the subject.'

Could a once great left-wing journal sink any lower?

Carl James & Chris Jones

Carl James and Chris Jones are former employees of Tribune.

New poetry

Andrew Motion, Poetry Editor, Chatto & Windus, 40 William IV Street, London WC2

In 1986 Chatto & Windus plan to publish the first in a series of poetry books which will contain selections of work by six new writers whose poems have not previously been collected. May I ask all those who wish to submit poems for consideration to send them to me at the above address? Submissions should arrive by 1 July 1985.

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Christine Roche

JUST IMAGINE . . .

Until the Left rehabilitated Freud and the Unconscious, its writings were expected to be prosaic and correct. Poet and author MICHELENE WANDOR explores the problem

I'VE COME to the conclusion that the Left (male and female) is as confused about the Imagination as is the Right (male and female). Three capital letters in the first sentence. Not bad. There will be more. Some will be expected, some will not. But then, surprise is one of the glories of fiction writing — and even of something like this piece, which will hover somewhere between the categories of non-fiction, autobiography and fiction. Notice I didn't write 'Surprise'. That is because (as yet) Surprise hasn't achieved the same glory as 'Desire' and 'Pleasure'; it has not yet received the full glare of the latest theoretical exercise from the academic Left (male and female), ever on the lookout for something new to provoke its mind, its imagination — for yes, even academics, even political activists, even car workers, even everyone who uses language also uses their imagination.

I am not promulgating one of those ultra-lefty views that says everyone can be a genius — no, sorry, I mean, the view that says anyone can write anything; some of us are different — we harness our imaginations as part of our professional work as writers, in one or more of the many cultural industries. No. I mean that each of us uses our imagination in both everyday situations and at times of crisis. The very word 'imagination' itself is used quite unthinkingly (do I mean unconsciously?): 'I imagine that's the last bus tonight' — a guess based on fact. The person in a crisis who collapses does so because s/he is imagining the worst possible outcome; the person who copes marvellously in the same crisis does so because s/he can imagine the best outcome.

We have language, we have memory, we are able to re-create the past according to a host of perspectives; some of those recreations are called History, when they appeal to empirically verifiable facts, documents and events; some of those recreations are called Fiction, when the same facts, documents, events may be appealed to, but are encased in a creation, in language, in imagined events and dialogue which may or may not be empirically verifiable, and which there is rarely any way of proving.

But I don't want to drift into definitional vagueness. That has been one of the pitfalls which has bedevilled the

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understanding of the Imagination, the Fancie, Fantasy, or whatever you like to call it. I write both fiction and non-fiction, and have done so for fifteen years — during which time I have passed through all sorts of different agonies. I have a piece of paper dating from five years ago when I was writing *Understudies*, a non-fiction book about theatre and sexual politics, on which I scrawled: 'When I write non-fiction, my hands sweat between sentences.' When I write fiction I find myself worrying about whether the commissioning editor/director will meet my text with an imaginative response.

But perhaps more interesting than that is the way I have experienced (imagined?) my relationship to my constituency: the large and varied group of people who since the late 1960s have been involved with radical political and cultural critiques. On my bad days (and there are many) I think of myself in a hurt, aggrieved manner as a Permanent Exile; on my good day (I had one last month) I think of myself as a Freethinker. I daren't think of myself as a Prophet, because I'm not sure I believe in them. Mostly I feel like an out-of-sync exile. Here begins the story proper.

BACK IN THE very early 1970s I was in two informal study groups, one all-women, one mixed. According to the fashion of the time (fashion is a serious thing), we followed the Althusserian bias and method, scoffed at the 'idealism' of the early Marx (poor misguided man, to think we might all one day live happily ever after) and, gamely and (for me) with brain-aching fervour, got to grips with the wonders of use, exchange and surplus value. Those were heady days. Having discovered through feminism that my grumbling discontents were not just Individual but Social, that there were Systems of Oppression (steady on with the upper cases), I soon became discontented with the theoretical claims of radical feminism (not its gut responses) — hence my turning to Marx. Verily, it was the greening of my political consciousness.

But as I marched and read (not at one and the same time), there was a skeleton in my cupboard, a spectre haunting my real, non-fiction life. It was Fiction, in the form of dense, difficult poetry, which was published and which I read at various places round the country; it was Fiction in the form of short plays, which were put on in various pub and cellar theatres in London. Although one play was sparked off by the Miss World contests of 1970 and 1971, none of the plays were at all agitproppy, in the instrumental style of the time. I don't mean that there was lots of rock music in lefty stage shows (though there was some, from those who had the equipment — men, naturellement) — but that the dominant line on the arts was a) that the citadels of theatre were bourgeois, the Classics were a decadent Plot, and that b) theatre could only be justified if it was clearly in service of a working-class cause (rents, strikes) and done in the coldest and most depressing venues possible.

Now here was my problem. With the legacy of the good Soldier Brecht, the individual had to be re-inserted into (mostly) his (sic) social context, and therefore anything that smacked (ouch) of heroi(ni)sm in the content of a play, or of Individualism in the work process (i.e. writing, directing) was to be excommunicated forthwith. In addition, you had to atone for having gone to University (especially if you hadn't been shrewd enough to Drop Out) by living in a commune without doors on the lavatory and working ninety-five hours a day. Oh,

and I forgot; you had to combat monogamy and sleep with everyone.

I could go on about all that and lots more, but I must stick to the point. As a writer, already earning my meagre living from journalism (Poetry Editor and reviewer for good old *Time Out*), I was committed to professionalism, to trade union organisation for writers, to the principle of differentiation of skill (though not at the price of exploitation), and somewhere, behind all that, to the excitement of language, to the Relative Autonomy (one of my wondrous study-group-derived concepts) of the text. During some feminist meeting or other I was cut to the quick by the throwaway remark from one Good Lefty and True, that 'poetry was moribund'. Well, of course I wrote a poem on that very Contradiction (another Useful study-group concept), which contained the (im)mortal lines:

> and we had a little wonder to ourselves
> about them who dance like fury to Stones
> raping words, to Rod Stewart piggery,
> and allow the moribund bits of them
> at their need for rhythm.
>
> (*Upbeat*, Journeyman Press)

But the barb stuck. How could I justify writing alone, and what was worse, in that era of earnest collectivism, signing my individual Name to moribund things like poems and plays and stories? So you'll never guess what I did. I went back to university to do an MA in the Sociology of Literature. Funny, eh? Not the doing of it, of course; but the conscious thought that by doing so I would discover what it was that made me go on wanting to read and write fiction. Well, of course, I never found out why. I did, however, agonise productively over a dissertation which compared Leavis and *Scrutiny* with Marxist literary critics of the 1930s and *Left Review*; and thereby I found myself re-evaluating the legacy of Leavis.

I came out with a lot of Good Lefty criticism of his cultural elitism, but I also came out understanding what it was about my own Leavisite teaching at school and university which had been genuinely radical: the precise, detailed analysis of text, the attention to subtext — all those elements which have played their part in the assimilation in British radical cultural circles of semiology, structuralism, etc. The fight over same in Cambridge a few years ago was absolutely in line with the I. A. Richards-Leavises tradition, though perhaps some Good Lefties and True would rather read Mills and Boon than admit it. But then they probably do read Mills and Boon under the bedclothes, just like the Good Feminist and True who thought poetry was moribund had always wanted to be a novelist. I know she did because she (much) later said so in print.

During the 2½ years the MA took (I had no grant, so had to continue with journalism), I wrote no fiction — a tiny handful of poems, no plays. I felt (I think) that I had to justify those desires before I could practise them. Good moralistic defence, eh? But False Consciousness (yes, another study-group)... What I should have said to myself was something like: Discourse Theory gives us an account of different discourses. The Theory of Uneven Development can provide some understanding of the lags between different Moments in ideology, and contradictions between base and superstructure. But silly old me. I felt too insecure, because I felt my constituency was so disapproving, and anyway, Discourse Theory wasn't yet trendy, and I'm not sure I would have understood it.

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I'm still not sure I do.

BUT SOMETHING happened between the early 1970s and the early 1980s. Well, lots of things did. But among them was one very important thing, and that was the re-constituting of the individual, but in the new terminology of the rediscovered and revalidated Unconscious. Freud, who had been a Bad Daddy in the early 1970s (despite Juliet Mitchell's valiance), gate-crashed the party in the late 1970s on the coat-tails of the Loony Lacan (also, of Juliet Mitchell's valiance), and suddenly, in the arts, in film and soon in a helter skelter of Good Lefty and True poems and novels hauled out of the closet, came Individual Self-Expression and Creativity, because now it came from the Unconscious, which was Political, whereas the poor old Individual hadn't been.

Also, of course, the generation of young and not-so-young radicals of the late 1960s has grown up, become professionally experienced, and has footholds in various media — the competitive successes of publishers like Pluto, Writers and Readers, Virago etc mean that there are more rediscovered, more widely available outlets for the writings of the Good Lefties and True.

But has it made the exiles come in from the cold? Has it meant that those of us whose professional raw material is the workings of our imaginations on reality (realities) are on Easy Street? I think not — apart, of course, from the occasional lucky soul who breaks into the trendy and/or best-selling stratosphere. The poet not lucky enough to be published by Faber must still justify his/her art; the playwright with any imaginative daring is viewed with suspicion — the urgency and energy of the worthy early-1970s agitprop plays at least produced a social and political surge of excitement, even if textually they were a bit predictable. But political theatre no longer has that urgency, and most new plays in most theatres are either weedy liberal sit-coms on worthy subjects, or sheer lazy writing and even sheerer lazier thinking. Getting annoyed? Thinking of some exception? Good, good.

But think also about the vacuity with which many writers (not me, of course) feel obliged to justify their standing as fictionisers: There are those two good old right-wing standbys: 'I write for myself' and 'The job of the writer is to tell the truth'. Well. Did you ever hear such rubbish? The first denies that the writer has any connection with other influences, or audiences, and disingenously perpetuates the belief that some involuntary Muse has dropped in for tea. The second denies the very foundation and glory of fiction: it is all lies. Wonderful, provocative, empirically unverifiable lies; allusive, inspiring, infuriating lies. Any writer who tells you they try to write the truth is actually fulfilling their fictional function and lying through their teeth. The irony is that they don't know it. But then irony and ambiguity are also the very stuff of fiction. In a knot? Good.

The Good Lefty and True strokes the aggressions of those who feel guilty about the roses, and think we ought only to concentrate on bread, but can't quite explain a love of rock and roll. Instead, this correct person says earnestly: 'I write for such and such an audience', or 'I write to solve a problem'. There it is again. That puritanical, instrumental attitude to the poor old imagination; the denial that there is any pleasure, or job satisfaction in either the jostling of images in the mind, or the shaping and ordering of the fictional

enterprise. The Imagination reduced to the function of an alternative service industry. Ridiculous.

OF COURSE there is a germ of accuracy (truth?!) in each of those apologias I've scoffed at. But none tells the whole story. The mistake is to expect that the writing of fiction can be explained away in simpler terms than the history and production of the lavatory brush. It is not self-indulgence alone, it is not mere marketing alone, it is not only a reflection of the current state of word-processors. It is all those things and much more; it is the creation of texts which are always ahead of their own definitions. No sooner is Modernism defined, than someone has to reclaim Narrative (yawn, yawn, when was it ever lost?); no sooner does someone make a living from writing than they are castigated for 'selling out'; no sooner does someone choose radical subject matter than they are sneered at and told that politics and art make bad bedfellows.

Well, I could go on. There are always a number of different endings available to any story. But given that the established media seem to want 'happy endings' ('nothing too pessimistic,' they say), and given that the good Lefties say that you mustn't represent the oppressed by showing that they/we can be mean, nasty, violent as well as right-on, hero(in)ic and bright-eyed (remember Uneven Development?), I'll try and be as grumpy as I can — with one subjective *caveat*.

In the past seven years I have written a lot for radio. And though not every single idea I've offered has been accepted (their loss), I will say that without exception (and they are a mixed crew) every radio producer I have worked with has been first and last meticulous in respect to my written and rewritten texts. Good Leavisites to a person. And that is the condition a professional fiction writer needs: real receptivity, real responsiveness, and therefore on the whole a sense of confidence that your imagination will be heard and, if you're lucky, welcomed with enthusiasm, critical in all senses of the word. But that doesn't happen enough. Too much of the rest of my time is spent in the state of mind endemic to the insecure freelance: on the defensive, exasperated by rejection, cynical, grumpy, and absolutely determined to continue to write both fiction and non-fiction, despite the Enclosures Acts with which both Left and Right try to separate one from the other. Correction. Not just 'to write', but 'to get published' 'to get produced', to refuse to subsume fiction into some pallid reflection of the 'real' world, and to refuse to subsume non-fiction into some naive hope that the perfect, conscious sentence will be the final world on Inspiration, Imagination, the Unconscious, whatever.

At times like this I begin to worry about sounding either too defiant, or visionary, or polemical, or all those. At such times I always turn to the extraordinary Borges, in whose every fiction and non-fiction are the simultaneities of text, sub-text, super-text, mega-text, writer, reader, story-teller, signifier. . . what's that? Is he my hero? Never heard such nonsense. □

P.S. All persons and events in the above are imaginary, and any resemblance to actual persons and events is accidential. Or is it?

Michelene Wandor's article on feminism and the theatre, from which this piece developed, is in the latest issue of Feminist Review *on cultural politics. £3.50 from 11 Carleton Gardens, Brecknock Road, London N19 5AQ.*

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A new brew

Bernard Crick

The Constitution of Society
ANTHONY GIDDENS *Policy Press* £19.50

'BUMP, BUMP, BUMP.' Anyone who has taught politics or sociology during the last quarter century must feel at times like Pooh Bear being dragged downstairs by the heels so that his head hits every step: 'Sometimes he feels there really is another way.' Whatever question one set about Machiavelli the scripts would all begin, 'First we must set him in his social context'; or if one tried, 'Is modern democracy a unique constraint or a unique opportunity?', then people whom one knew to be lively, quirky and individual would throw on the automatic pilot to produce: 'We must first delineate the objective structures of modern capitalist society.' Only when one thought back to the old moralistic individualism could one feel any sympathy with all that.

Anthony Giddens is making an obsessive and magisterial attempt to show another way. He is an accessible but a far from easy and seldom elegant writer. I mean that he defines his key terms very carefully after much discussion of alternative formulations; but then he uses them very precisely, technically and sequentially. His critique of both functionalism and structuralism is itself as abstract but as logical as anything in Parsons or in Althusser. You have to begin at the beginning and set aside plenty of time. He slows down my rate of reading of theoretical discourse from about 30 pages an hour to 30 a morning. Taking it on for review disrupted my social life and held up work promised elsewhere, but has reconstructed or synthesised all kinds of eclectic thoughts.

The Constitution of Society pulls together systematically, extends and elaborates the ideas that have emerged from his *New Rules of Sociological Method* (1976), *The Central Problems in Social Theory* (1979), *A Contemporary Critique of Historical Materialism* (1981) and his essays *Profiles and Critiques in Social Theory* (1982). It is literally about how we think that societies are constituted, and the title both echoes and reproves Hayek's *The Constitution of Liberty* — a book both profoundly wrong and yet profoundly illuminating, as too few of us on the Left will admit.

Giddens advances a 'theory of structuration' by which he means 'the conditions governing the continuity or transmutation of structures, and therefore the reproduction of social systems'. 'Structures' are organised rules and resources but, as such, cannot explain themselves or carry the laws of their own change. He criticises the rigidity of 'structuralism', in any of its versions, just as he does the notion of stages of history in classical Marxism. There are no fixed mental structures even, everything is 'structuring', modified and cross-cut by time and space. The distinction is like that between 'reason in ethics' and 'reasoning in ethics'. To study how social systems are structured means, Giddens argues, studying 'the knowledgeable activities of situated actors who draw upon roles and resources' in a diversity of contexts of action which then interact, producing new things and reproducing old. 'Knowledgeable' is a key term. The unique quality of a human agent is that it can reflect on its own situation: an epoch or 'stage' is but 'reflexively monitored social conduct', the monitoring being as characteristic as the reflexes. We are aware that we live in structures, but they are never all-embracing. Nor are systems always as systematic as they have been cracked up to be, by both functionalists and Marxists.

These structures, he insists, even in their manifestations as political power, are not simply constraints, they are also opportunities. This seems a very sensible ground on which to stand between the equally unreal abstractions of voluntary action and of impersonal determining forces; and it also refutes the anarchism which follows from identifying all power and political institutions with oppression.

Similarly, he applauds Steven Lukes's attack on methodological individualism, but also shows how narrowly political it is itself: human beings, both individually and collectively, are reflective and reactive to their circumstances, not just conditioned — any explanatory language must accept this inherent dualism. It is not simply a matter of high theory, with theorists worrying that their theories help to change the structures they seek to explain. No one could operate in ordinary life — here he half-follows Goffman — without great knowledgeability; but actual societies are *not* total institutions, and practical knowledgeability about even permissible variations can lead to unpredictable changes.

He is strongly critical of 'objectivism', or the view that the social sciences can be or should be like natural science (even in Popper's open-ended version). But subjectivity is neither fate nor refuge, as the obscure Germans teach. Social theorists are necessarily involved in what he calls 'a double hermeneutic': the constant 'slippage' between languages of everyday life and of high theory; 'interpretive schemes' and 'norms' are inseparable. He gives the example of the idea of 'accountability' in everyday English: 'To be "accountable" for one's activities is both to explicate reasons for them and to supply the normative grounds whereby they may be "justified".'

He is especially fruitful on how differing perceptions of space and time limit all attempts to picture actual societies as fully systematic. By all means, as it were, 'set Machiavelli in his context' (sometimes easier than reading the text), but be aware that 'Italy' was very ambiguous and that he himself thought the most relevant context was the history of ancient Rome and the rediscovered works of Cicero. Plainly neither account alone is adequate.

Peter Howe

Flying pickets

A coalminer and a policeman grapple
with causes in the gutter, the miner young
but fleshy, squat-necked. His tousled head is balding;
the prone policeman is helmeted still though.
The picture judders abruptly, the sound fizzes.
We blink back to the spirantal newsroom.

During *Sixty Minutes* tonight I'm eating
leeks-in-cheese, jacket potatoes and salad.
I've a vanilla slice waiting on a side plate
and, in case I've room, an apple. I dribble,
humped over the tray straddling my knock-kneed lap.
For me the teatime news is touch and go.

A theme for screened interview-discussion is
the speeding in coachloads at night down motorways
to hunt matinal allies at their pithead gates.
The interviewer who normally smiles frowns now.
The unionist looks hurt again already.
The minister grins well-wishingly.

I eat my fruit. The scuffling topic frames itself
thus: — May I waft a police-scrummaged right
to mine today if I will to
or had I best hear the prudential clamour
about no mines to mine if I don't black mining.
They're closing the pits! Suppose it a violent idea

to get the hotter union men to roast themselves.
Guess the police make constabulary trouble.
This is good thinking after a good meal.

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Of course, this 'theory of structuration' is itself a meta-theory: it talks about *how* we should understand societies and social change, not about what *will* happen (we cannot tell) nor about what *should* be done (different things can be attempted). I think it would be better, indeed, for socialists not to claim that they have an all-embracing world theory, but to offer rather a doctrine very relevant to the world we are in, a changing world of course. Giddens does not so much angrily refute as respectfully deflate to human scale common assumptions in Hegel, Marx and Parsons. Yet he applies their rigour to the French tradition of political sociology which, through Montesquieu, Tocqueville, Durkheim and Aron, strove somewhat vaguely not so much to strike a balance between freedom and conditioning, empiricism and moralism, objectivity and subjectivity, but to see how each must simultaneously be true. □

Singing stars

Stephen Brook

Prima Donna
RUPERT CHRISTIANSEN *Bodley Head* £15

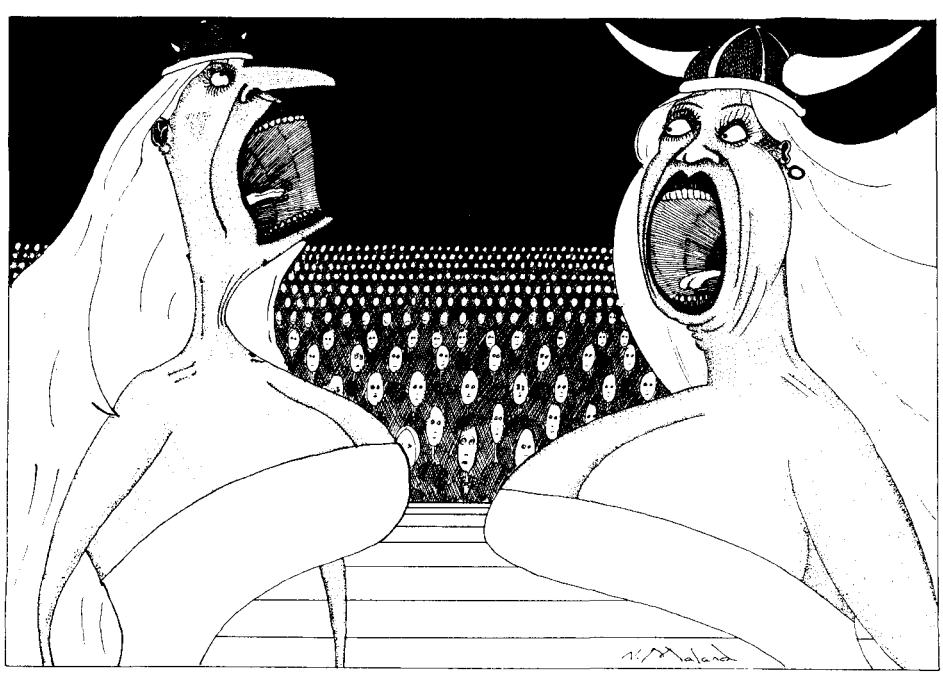
WHEN JOHN Wayne in *The War Wagons* calls the far from operatic Kirk Douglas a 'prima donna', we all know exactly what he means. In the 1720s the opera singer Francesca Cuzzoni was earning the enormous sum of £2,000 a year in London. Her reign was disturbed by the arrival of another Italian singer, Faustina, and Lord Hervey reported: 'No Cuzzonist will go to a tavern with a Faustinian. And the ladies of one party have scratched those of the other out of their list of visits.' Since Cuzzoni was a soprano and Faustina a mezzo, they were scarcely rivals. Yet the urgings of inflated egos and the excesses of partisanship fanned the flames and generated the kind of behaviour we associate with prima donnas.

In addition to rivalries, operatic stars have indulged in spectacular displays of extravagance, hauteur and theatricality, all of which, no doubt, help to keep their names before the public on whose favour they so crucially depend. If a singer such as Melba fully embodied the worst of the breed, other singers had greater justification for their behaviour. Melba would monkey with the score, shift scenery on a whim and display crass insensitivity towards fellow artists. The celebrated tantrums and walk-outs by Maria Callas, on the other hand, were not just displays of temperament; there were usually sound artistic reasons for her displeasure.

Rupert Christiansen is not unwilling to chronicle the shortcomings, vocal and temperamental, of the dozens of great singers he discusses, though he takes a prim view of those who mock the excesses of the prima donna and thus perpetuate the stereotype. What concerns Christiansen more is the quality of their voices, and the ways in which changing operatic forms — such as bel canto and Wagnerian opera — demanded different kinds of voices, different styles of singing.

This is no easy task. Recordings have preserved the voices of most 20th-century singers, but to know how Grisi or Malibran sang we must rely on written accounts which can tell us of the qualities of the voice but not how it actually sounded. Christiansen quotes a contemporary description of Jenny Lind which could equally well be applied to, say, Montserrat Caballé, though clearly the size of the voices and their dramatic abilities had little in common. Inevitably some monotony sets in as prima donna after prima donna steps into focus and we read of her triumphant career and, in most cases, wretched private life. The accounts of 19th-century singers, however glowing their reputations, are less absorbing than those of 20th-century divas, if only because recordings help us to assess the vocal performance of the latter.

Christiansen wisely abandons a strict chronological approach to discuss groups of singers under such categories as Victorian Nightingales, Wagnerian voices and the singers who flourished in New York. He is best where questions of style, not just technique, are at issue and, though he does his best to be even-handed, he clearly prefers singing actresses to mere warblers, however dazzling their technique. *Prima Donna* is thoroughly up to date; even a new arrival such as Rosalind Plowright gets five pages to herself. More importantly, Christiansen refuses to adopt the nostalgic viewpoint of opera bores who wistfully recall the singers of the past and lament the inadequacies of their successors. Any opera fan with ears rather than memories will agree than the operatic stage in the 1980s is as richly stocked as it ever was in the past. That means that the splendid line of prima donnas who pass through this enjoyable book will continue for decades to come. □


Nick Maland

FICTION

Frontier myths

Liz Heron

Slow Fade
RUDOLPH WURLITZER *Picador* £7.50 & £2.50
Foreign Affairs
ALISON LURIE *Michael Joseph* £8.95
Selected Short Stories
GWYN THOMAS *Poetry Wales Press*
£6.95 & £3.50

THE OPENING chapter of **Slow Fade** begins in New York. It ends in Santa Fe, as its protagonist, a modern hustler with a past disposed of and no future planned, strays on to a film location and into the path of a falling arrow, which pierces an eye.

This has been the pre-credit sequence, a zany self-contained narrative whose denouement is a poetic annunciation of the main action, as we enter the world of cinema. *Slow Fade* is not only about the movies, and how they invade and devour 'real life', it is also constructed like one, reflecting the rhythms and framings of classic Hollywood and circling round the chain of influences whereby the Hollywood film, in the Forties and Fifties, was often shaped by pulp genre fiction. Characters and situations are screen clichés writ large, some from quite recognisable films. In the star role is ageing director Wesley Hardin, once an auteur of the Western, ranking with Ford and Hawks and Walsh. The drama hinges on his dilemma: can he lick this final movie or would it be nobler to hang up his spurs?

As well as dwelling on the truism that much of our trivial knowledge of the world comes from celluloid fictions, this fiction is one in which only through film can the truth about life be revealed. By contracting his son to write a screenplay about the quest for his missing sister in India, Wesley hopes to know the outcome. While this reworking of John Ford's *The Searchers* unravels across the narrative, Wesley himself falls foul of the camera, in a verité

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project involving the ubiquitous hustler, his one eye perpetually on the main chance.

The long-drawn-out death of Hollywood's most mythic genre leaves death itself as the only frontier, since the Eden promised by the wilderness is already spoiled in an America that is venal and crass; even when the trail is spiritual and relocated on the road to Benares, it leads nowhere. As a parable this is something of a pot-pourri. Hollywood Babylon meets How the West was Lost. But the result is dated and sentimental, for Rudolph Wurlitzer seems stuck in a folksy early-Seventies' vision of the Frontier myth, seeing through it but hankering after it the way boys often do. So he keeps intact the casual misogyny that sees women as disposable or as non-survivors — with one notable exception, itself a Western convention: the tough and sexy honorary man, and she's an Indian, to boot. For all its stabs at textual cleverness, and despite some genuinely funny passages, his book is as anachronistic as a cowboy in the White House.

The folkloric figure of the cowboy also appears in Alison Lurie's **Foreign Affairs**. But it is to the Old World that her Americans travel, retrieving an innocence less dangerous than that of the Old West and less severe in its consequences than is customary in the novels with which this serious comedy of manners can claim immediate kinship: those of Henry James. Alison Lurie guides her characters through the treacherous labyrinths of London media and literary society with unerring shrewdness, but also with a kindness that makes her bruising insights shine with grace. Her perceptions are tempered by a well-kept faith in the human potential to learn and change.

Proving that it is never too late is Vinnie Miner, a 54-year-old academic in London on a six-month research trip. Buttoned up in self-solicitude and calculating in her investments of the time and energy needed for social relationships, Vinnie faces the world with no lack of self-knowledge. Reasoned judgment of her situation in life — as a single, childless woman who has always been too plain to attract passionate commitment from a man — has convinced her that her first duty is to her own care and comfort. When a 'polyester cowboy' on a package tour intrudes on her London plans, cultural snobbery dictates her emotions. It is only through the obligations of good manners (sacred to the Anglophile in her) and an ironic misapprehension of her character, that she finds a taste of happiness and a capacity for selfless actions.

Vinnie's academic field is folklore and children's literature, and her story carries the resonances of a crafty fable. By the didactic rule of her fairy-tale universe, she must finally pay a price for her failure to recognise the gift of love and the true worth of its bestower.

It is a London masked by the follies and vanities of John Gay's 18th-century scene that reveals itself to Vinnie's colleague, handsome junior professor Fred Turner, through his affair with a successful actress. It is Gay who has brought him to London and Gay who helps him to interpret his disillusionment.

At the end of this elegantly balanced tale both Vinnie and Fred return home the wiser. Either cast out or finally refusing complicity in the city's decorous hypocrisies, they remain its observers, Jamesian to the end. Alison Lurie writes with wit as well as wisdom, and many finely considered observations on such matters as the single state and the raw deal the world still reserves for women, particularly those no longer young, are delivered with a subtlety that makes them all the more acute. The reader, too, is taught a few lessons, but they're pleasurably learned.

Poetry Wales Press could not have chosen a better moment for their posthumous publication of Gwyn Thomas's **Selected Short Stories**, embedded as they are in the history of the mining valleys since the Thirties. These are highly idiosyncratic flashes of life and times. Some of the more solemn pieces left me cold, but Thomas excels at humour. For his comic exaggerations and his racy command of the vernacular this writer is a real discovery. □

Cameos

Michael Leapman

Journeys
JAN MORRIS *Oxford* £8.95

THE OTHER day a publisher asked me to suggest someone he might approach to write the text for a book of photographs he was planning. When I nominated Jan Morris, he frowned and pondered before declaring: 'Too sedate'.

I disagreed but I know what he meant. Ms Morris is not one of your 'torrents of teeming humanity' school of travel writers, piling adjective upon heart-tugging adjective to persuade you to gasp with wonder at the sheer grandeur of everything she experiences. She is essentially a miniaturist, employing a subtle economy of brushwork to point up the telling details.

So the essay about her first visit to China does not begin with the familiar catch of breath at the cycling hordes in the streets, but with half a dozen well-worn Chinese musicians playing 'Moonlight Serenade' in the bar of the Peace Hotel in Shanghai.

> They have been playing it, after all, since they and the song were young. Their musical memories, like their personal experiences, reached back through Cultural Revolution, and Great Leap Forward, and People's Revolution, and Koumingtang, and Japanese Co-Prosperity Zone, back through all the permutations of Chinese affairs to the days of cosmopolitan Shanghai — those terrible but glamorous times when European merchants lived like princes here, Chinese gangsters fought and thrived, the poor died in their hundreds on the sidewalks. . . No wonder the musicians looked world-weary.

A sedate image, certainly; but one that stays in the memory longer than the acres of over-writing China has inspired since it became the up-market alternative to the Grand Tour.

Or take India. There the masses teem, for sure, but Ms Morris introduces us to them from the safe height of her luxury Bombay hotel balcony and has soon, with no more than a trace of guilt, steered us through the crowd to meet a friend for a buffet lunch in another hotel, by the soothing fountains of the indoor grotto.

She has been writing her distinctive brand of travel articles superbly for a long time now. *Journeys* is the fifth collection of them. Part of the secret is her supreme confidence in the material. She assumes that if something fascinates her it will fascinate her readers and she lingers with it, never nervous about losing our attention.

Just occasionally, that works against her. The only one of these 13 pieces that doesn't come off is about Wells, Somerset, a sleepy little town that she celebrates with a sleepy, precious piece. By contrast Aberdeen, her other British location, has its 'capitalism in the raw' marvellously illuminated for us.

Her method is best deployed in the chapter on Las Vegas, another place that habitually provokes hollow prose. She pays due attention to its most obvious characteristic, the casinos, but is also curious about the people who actually live there.

A pillar of the community tells her: 'I think I could safely say that you won't find a more lovely home environment anywhere than some of our high-grade home environments here.' So she goes in search of the home environments and finds streets that 'extend in wholesome conformity' whose inhabitants 'have that slightly cheesy, well-meaning look indigenous to all the American West, and compounded I think of climate, religion, Swedish grandmothers and rather too much ice-cream.'

So far, all is benign, but as the essay progresses the horrible tawdriness of the place is gradually revealed. 'Fun City is no fun really.' She finds people talking nostalgically of the wild old days when the resort was run by Bugsie Malone and the Mafia. Not long before she arrived a citizen was killed by 19 shots from a plain-clothes policeman when he stopped at a pizza bar to talk to a known crook.

> Las Vegas sometimes reminds me of the terrible little towns of inner Sicily or Sardinia, where half the population consists of murderers, kidnappers or extortionists, and the other half pretends not to notice.

Starting with the superficial, Ms Morris penetrates, layer by layer, to the often ugly truth. Her piece on Houston is called 'Boomtown' and in that optimistic spirit she begins it, only to end with a futuristic vision of decay and desolation.

Menace is seldom far beneath the surface. She launches her Australian journey with a heady description of a morning drive over Sydney Harbour Bridge and a celebration of the

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apparently carefree way of life. Yet before long we are aware of a nasty streak of viciousness and intolerance. All is not well after all.

There is bad news, too, in the epilogue, where Ms Morris hints that this might be her last book of travel essays. I hope she can be persuaded to change her mind. □

A woman's lot

Nicci Gerrard

Working Your Way to the Bottom: The Feminization of Poverty
HILDA SCOTT *Pandora Press* £4.95
Double Identity: The Lives of Working Mothers
SUE SHARPE *Pelican* £3.50
Look Me In The Eye: Old Women, Aging and Ageism
BARBARA MACDONALD with CYNTHIA RICH
The Womens Press £2.95

IN 1975 THE United Nations declared an International Women's Year, launching in its turn the UN Decade for Women. Perhaps 'launch' is too dynamic a word for a commitment noticed by most only at its birth and, now, at its demise.

Hilda Scott offers a deliberately timely reminder of what has *not* been done. Like the UN and like the women's movement itself, **Working Your Way to the Bottom: The Feminization of Poverty** faces the difficulty of drawing together women from vastly different cultures and circumstances. Hilda Scott insists that the luxurious penury of Western women and the struggle for life of women from the developing countries are more alike than different, both being 'symptoms of the threat hanging over all women'. The book hinges upon this argument.

Official facts disguise truth by relying on a family-based way of counting the poor and by concocting out of unemployment figures an 'Alice in Wonderland stew of apples, oranges and red herrings', while mythologising slogans encourage women to stay out of the labour market. Scott grapples with the formidable task of peeling away bureaucratic camouflage to reveal the true picture. It is a pity that her book is creviced with omissions, halted arguments and poorly-explained figures, since the facts that she presents would, properly supported, confirm her claim that women all over the world suffer difficulties springing from a common source: gender. She states that a growing proportion of all families below the poverty line are headed by females; 90 per cent of the unpaid labour force is made up of women. As poverty increases so aid tends to decrease and women, as childbearers and victims of discrimination, bear the greatest burden. *Working Your Way To The Bottom* is weakest where it deals with economic and technological history, but Scott's demand that stale and false claims for historical precedent and biological imperatives should now be discarded enables her to reach the ideological conclusion that has always been the implicit if irresolute centre of her book. That is: for the sake of both women and men, the long-argued right to be equal should now give way before the insistence upon a new social vision, in which old dichotomies between productive and non-productive, personal and political, paid and unpaid, must be transcended.

It is a familiar demand for the negation of the 'male' principle, and one that has been argued with more vigour and subtlety by other women. As a coda to a partial glimpse into worldwide female poverty, however, it carries the resonance of urgency.

Sue Sharpe confines herself to a subset of women: working mothers in Britain. She prefers to record rather than interpret their **Double Identity**, and her carefully detached voice acts only as a bridge between the extensive quotations from working mothers. The result is a curiously flattened text that, in spite of the obvious verve and humour of many of the women interviewed, moves at a sluggish pace and, paradoxically, buries the torn loyalties and uncomplaining endurance under their very reiteration.

The book does provide insight into usually unspoken lives. The image of weary, harassed women dashing from home to work and back is supported, but juxtaposed with, the independence and self-confidence that many women gain from employment outside the home. Interviewees speak of the paucity of child care, the continuing refusal of men to involve themselves in the domestic sphere and of their vulnerability in a job market that punishes their divided loyalties and trades upon their needs. Some statements leap from the pages, only to be smacked down into the roll-call of voices. For instance, the bitterness of 'If you choose children, there's no equality' should have been more fully explored; as should the failure of trade unions to offer anything to working mothers. For what is striking about *Double Identity* is that, in the delicate transaction between home and work, mothers can rarely risk fighting for personal or social change.

Rather than marshalling facts and collecting voices, Barbara Macdonald and Cynthia Rich rely on exuberant self-indulgence in their collection of essays on old age, aging and ageism. Barbara Macdonald charts, in **Look Me In The Eye**, the physical and mental process of aging, but she sees old age as a metaphor for 'otherness', a state which as a lesbian she has always recognised. Now, with the knowledge that 'I am living my endings', she faces it as a challenge and potential joy. Both women use daily events as entry points into the debate: a walk through streets crowded with promising youth, a march to 'Take Back the Night', book reviews, a visit to the doctor. But anger predominates in each essay; the anger they feel against other younger women, against feminists who, by not looking the aged 'in the eye' contribute to their invisibility, making them 'twice unseen'.

Some passages catch the reader up with their poetic energy, others embarrass by their glorification of the ever-present 'I'. The generous subjectivity wrought by Alice Walker or Tillie Olsen becomes a self-conscious courage caught on the horns of a superlative. Nonetheless, these two women's voices do break a silence that surrounds old women; in that case almost any words are welcome. □

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Shorter reviews

The Education of Desire: the Anarchist Graphics of Clifford Harper
Annares Co-operative £4.95

Born into a West London working-class family, Cliff Harper's personal school-boy rebellion — truancy and petty crime — grew into an involvement with the Sixties counter-culture and an increasing political awareness. Eighteen when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, he quit work and left home, fully intending to go and fight with the Czechs. Events didn't quite work out like that and instead he became involved in a series of communes, drug-taking, and nearly died from consumption, before becoming one of the leading graphic artists of the Left in Britain.

Illness, and the end of the Eel Pie Island commune, coincided with an increasing commitment to anarchist ideals, so, drawing on his experience of the commune and inspired by the Situationists' political use of comic strips, he started working on the first of a series of *Class War Comix*. It took nearly three years to complete the first issue, because he had to teach himself to draw at the same time. The other comics never appeared, but the success of the first led to a commission for a series of book illustrations in *Radical Technology*. These popular, almost utopian, illustrations, depicting women engaged in the heavy and skilled jobs normally associated with masculine roles, demonstrate the subtle influences of feminism on his work.

As an artist he is concerned with subverting traditional images, so that a mother's tender caress becomes transformed into a symbol of repression in an illustration for Proudhon's *What is government?* Always, however, the message is more important than artistic effect, even when that message is expressed through a series of personal metaphors, such as the use of the city as backdrop, or the isolated urban romantic, in a manner akin to Frans Masereel. Harper's work frequently depicts the struggles of our times, in covers for magazines (including the *New Statesman*) or posters like that protesting against the state murders of German revolutionaries. Much of this ephemeral work has been left out — a pity as it possesses an immediacy lacking in some of the more careful compositions.

Recently Cliff Harper has returned to his earlier comic format, but using techniques and influences derived from Masereel, Grosz and Vallaton to compact new meaning and relevance into an accessible art form, frequently illustrating poems, such as Brecht's 'Black Freighter' and Sassoon's bitter, anti-war statement 'Fight to a Finish', because of the almost visual nature of their images. This large-format collection of drawings and comic strips is introduced by a revealing 35-page interview by American poet Adam Cornford, which explores the connections between art and social commitment.

Martyn Everett

Mother of All the Behans: The Autobiography of Kathleen Behan as told to Brian Behan
Hutchinson £7.95

'My mother is as Dublin as the hills' says Brian Behan about redoubtable Irish Matriarch Kathleen Behan. And this book, a memoir written in collaboration between mother and son, is a compendium of pithy Irish wit, a highly-coloured recollection of family life and Ireland's history over the best part of the century.

Kathleen Behan was born in 1889 of comfortably-off parents who fast became impoverished because her father, instead of minding his business — a grocer's shop and an off-licence — took it into his head that he was a judge and would dress up in a swallow-tail coat, white gloves and tall black hat and spend all his time in the courts. He went bankrupt 'through carelessness' and after his death Kathleen was sent to an orphanage.

In 1916 she married her first husband, Jack Furlong, a fellow Republican. Both were actively involved in the Easter Rising and Kathleen met some of, its greatest heroes, including the charismatic Michael Collins, whom she greatly admired in spite of her detestation of his subsequent Free State policy for Ireland. In 1918 Jack died suddenly, and Kathleen went to work as housekeeper for Maud Gonne. In 1922 she married Stephen Behan and went on to produce, and preside over, one of the most talented and controversial families of 20th-century Ireland. Her fierce pride in her volubly wayward sons, Brendan, Seamus, Brian and Dominic (there is scant mention of her only daughter, Carmel) is one of the most touching features of this book. She denies that Brendan, the man who put the name Behan firmly on the map, was her favourite, but 'our golden boy. *My little poet. My heart, my life*' dominates her autobiography.

Her tales of the Great Names of Irish literature are winningly and winsomely irreverent: 'Nora told me terrible things about Joyce. Sure the man was crackers all for free love and yet he wanted his poor wife to do the dog on him to beat what else, to bestride him like Molly and whip him till he howled. Did you ever hear the likes of it, sure the man was crackers!' 'Have you read *Ulysses*?' Kathleen asks us, 'it's very high-class and all mixed-up.' While working for Maud Gonne MacBride she had met Yeats: 'He'd been in love with Madame MacBride for years. He loved her for her beauty — as a woman to write poems about — and hated her being mixed up with politics and standing on a cart to address the crowd. . . He thought she'd been ruined by politics — she should have stopped at home and looked beautiful. Isn't that like a man?'

Her life was a hard one, most of it spent in the direst poverty and hardship and often in danger, but her memories are told with delightful whimsy and wit — 'you may as well sing grief as cry it'.

Nigella Lawson

Ireland: The Key to the British Revolution
DAVID REED *Larkin Press* £3.95

The problem with writing history as though it were some kind of equation is that it rarely adds up. David Reed is a member of the Revolutionary Communist Group and, although his book can hardly be called the first class analysis of the Northern Irish conflict, it is the most comprehensive account yet to appear written from a Provisional perspective. While the book gives a masterful and meticulous description of British subversion in the Six Counties, it also takes a rather narrow 'Stalinist' view of what should be done. As a Provisional sympathiser with RCG opinions, Reed directs much of his polemical energies at the perfidy of 'middle class' Left political groups such as the Socialist Workers' Party and the CPGB. The Official IRA and their political wing, the Workers' Party, are constantly referred to as the 'pro-imperialist, pro-Stormont Sinn Fein the Workers' Party', while the Irish 'so-called' Republic is dismissed as an elaborate ruse concocted by the British as a subtle means of retaining control throughout the country.

Beginning with the standard Marxist premise that Britain's ruling classes need their Irish 'colony' as a way of keeping the workers of both countries divided, Reed argues that these tactics of Divide-and-Rule still characterise the British approach to the 'war' now being waged in the Six Counties. He powerfully demonstrates the fundamental contradiction of the British presence in the North of Ireland — that however legalistic the arguments from Whitehall the application of British rule has been illegal, ranging from internment to the Diplock Courts and the use of outright torture.

Nor must it be forgotten that it was a Labour Government which appointed Kenneth Newman as the Chief Constable of the RUC. Indeed, Labour's record on Ireland has never been a happy one, and Reed writes that in 1916 MPs spontaneously applauded the news that James Connolly had been executed.

Where his analysis falls apart is in omitting any sort of convincing explanation of Protestant loyalism which, as even Reed admits in passing, has got a working-class base. And since the phenomenon does not fit comfortably into his overall thesis, he ends up ignoring it.

Michael Lewis

The English Novel in the Twentieth Century: The Doom of Empire
MARTIN GREEN *Routledge* £12.95 & £5.95

Martin Green discusses the work of Kipling, Lawrence, Joyce, Waugh, Kingsley Amis and Doris Lessing — 'with side glances at parallel figures' — in terms of its responses to either the British Empire's existence or its dissolution. A drawback is that the six were selected because Green considered them 'the most interesting fiction writers of twentieth-century Britain' rather than because they displayed the strongest engagement with the imperial theme. Consequently, the detection of certain responses takes some ingenuity: *Ulysses* is reckoned 'an anti-imperialist manifesto' because its size and complexity demanded special efforts from readers, thereby diverting them 'from the investing of moral energy in politics and social matters'.

Usually, though, Green links authors and Empire, dubiously, through an intermediary, Kipling, who was closely identified with the ruling class. Responses to Kipling, the argument goes, are responses to Empire. Responses to Kipling, meanwhile, are not defined as anything so narrow as reactions to his writings, but as reactions (pro or con) to the idea — 'powerfully present' even to 'people who never read him' — of all he was and is thought to represent: traditionalism, masculinity, philistinism, discipline. . .

Unsurprisingly, given such an approach, Green discovers numerous responses to Kipling among the other authors discussed. On this basis, he proposes 'that Kipling is a much more pervasive and powerful presence in English literature after 1918 than has been recognized'.

Green's concluding chapter depicts 'the shadow of Kipling' as a force for imaginative diminishment. Acknowledging himself a loyal member of the ruling class, Kipling accepted 'the function of entertainer' — 'artists of the novel must either proclaim resistance, or implicitly enact it...' — condemning himself to 'minor genres and minor themes'. Great writers of the period — like Lawrence, Joyce and Lessing — asserted the counter-value of literature against the 'atmosphere of power, politics, and money', but lesser writers, including potentially major ones like Waugh and Amis, followed the path Kipling pioneered. Green's final analysis is the most interesting part of the study. Unfortunately, by this time, the reader is liable to have long lost faith in his critical methods.

David Montrose

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FILMS

Smooth with the rough

John Coleman

Eddie Murphy, Lisa Eilbacher and Judge Reinhold copping it in Beverly Hills

Beverly Hills Cop (15)
Empire; London release
Crackers (15)
Royal, Charing Cross Road; Classic, Chelsea; Odeon, Kensington
Edith and Marcel (PG)
The Berkeley at Classic, Tottenham Court Road; The Arts at Classic, Chelsea
Vigil (15)
ICA

AN EARLY automobile chase through the streets of Detroit, with a giant articulated truck being hotly pursued by police cars and assorted vehicles getting sideswiped, rammed and generally brutalised, had me fearing the worst for Martin Brest's **Beverly Hills Cop**. Nothing is more depressingly indicative of one great flaw in the American Dream than the nightmarish glee with which our transatlantic cousins greet screeching tyres, wailing sirens and the inevitable, ultimate, orgasmic crunch of fast metal into fast metal.

Anyway, I was musing along these lines, praying for the conspicuous destruction to stop, when suddenly it did, the young black comedian Eddie Murphy as Police Officer Axel Foley walked into his precinct house to ironic applause from his colleagues and the movie took off, to provide fairly steady delight from then on. Anyone who has seen *48 HRS* and *Trading Places* will know what I mean: the fellow is positively redemptive.

Here a screenplay by Daniel **Petrie** Jr could have been pretty bleak fare. After an undercover fiasco in Detroit, Axel meets an old buddy six months out of jail, carrying a wad of German bearer bonds; they get drunk in a bar together; returning to Axel's flat, old buddy is gunned down while the cop gets a bump on the head. Over Axel's protests another cop is assigned to the case, whereupon Axel asks for vacation time, heads for Beverly Hills where his dead pal had been working as guard in an art gallery's warehouse and is soon up to his neck in a plot involving gallery-owner Victor Maitland (a Mr Big surrounded by gun-happy minions), smuggled bonds and cocaine, a beating-up, warnings-off by the local constabulary, the kidnapping of a cheery woman friend, until a last shoot-out and showdown.

Mr Murphy, the script aiding, coolly twists the conventions askew. Certainly he's a cat-quick fighter and demon shot, but what you remember is his refusal to do the obvious, his chameleon capacity for bluff and banter. Driving merrily past the chic shopfronts of Beverly Hills, Axel descends on a fully booked hotel and secures a whole suite for the price of a room by spinning a laid-back yarn about doing a *Rolling Stone* piece on Michael Jackson and then, when this doesn't quite take, bawling high-pitched about places that don't want niggers. The ashen-faced manager crawls.

After grimy Detroit Axel is highly appreciative, when arrested for being flung by Chandler-sinister Maitland's goons through a lobby window: 'You know,' he confides, 'this is the cleanest and nicest police car I've *ever* been in in my *life*.' Released, he has hotel room-service ferry a supper across the road to the car with two cop-tails in it. During their consternation, he slips a banana in their exhaust. And so on to a couple of warehouses with gallery chum Jenny (Lisa Eilbacher): at the bonded one, flashing a badge, he shouts up an imperious storm, damning their lax security, calling for documents as customs men scamper in alarm.

Meanwhile, his stranded tails wait outside the hotel, the younger team manager (marvellously bushy-tailed Judge Reinhold) regaling his enraged companion with inane facts about meat eating and digestion. Later this same detective is to chatter happily about the ending of *Butch Cassidy* as he and the sergeant dodge a lethal hail of bullets. Not all the good bits go Murphy's way. But where he scores so consistently, holding the 'thriller' together, setting its tone, is by knowing when to rein in. His second face-to-face with Steven Berkoff's evil Maitland is achieved at a posh eating club where he flummoxes the receptionist by gentle faggotry, lisping, 'Tell him Ramone has been to the clinic', implying horrors. And Maitland can no more cope with his imperviousness to threat than can the Beverly Hills police force. The outcome is a remarkable and fresh making-over of an established genre.

Louis Malle's **Crackers** is another kind of making-over, avowedly drawing on Mario Monicelli's 1958 *I Soliti Ignoti* (GB: *Persons Unknown*; US: *Big Deal on Madonna Street*) to produce a rather small deal in a run-down quarter of San Francisco. Jack Warden is sterling as tight-fisted old pawnbroker Garvey who decides to have a burglar alarm installed, thus doing down-and-out Westlake (Donald Sutherland), his current guard, a disfavour.

The shop is a manner of meeting place for

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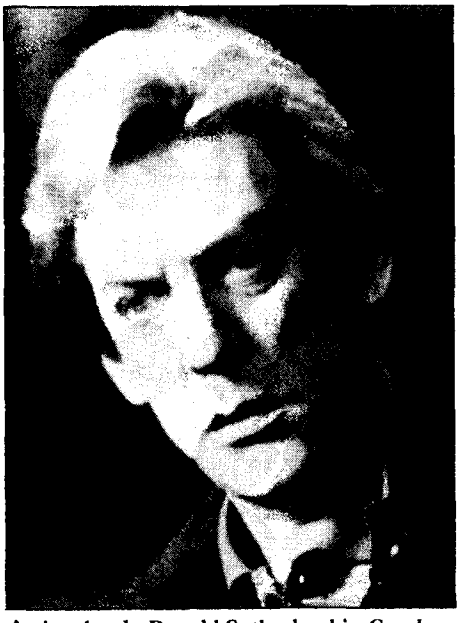
other delinquents and derelicts: a short Mexican thief concerned to guard his beautiful sister's honour from his guitar-playing blond mate; Westlake's dumb, omniverous hanger-on Turtle (Wallace Shawn); a black pimp (excellent Larry Riley) left literally holding the baby by his scornful whore. When Garvey proposes to go off for a night on the occasion of his mother's ninetieth birthday, Westlake assumes control of a plan to burgle his safe. The rest is a catalogue of disasters as one ineptitude succeeds another. Some of this is funny, as when a wall is finally broken through, only for the triumphant gang members to find Turtle calmly noshing on the other side.

But there is an almost claustrophobic staginess about the street where most of them hang out, a cute toying with the squalid-picturesque which is a far cry from the Malle of *Atlantic City*. More damaging than anything, though, is the casting of Donald Sutherland as an arch-fumbler. His eyes look too intelligent and his heart doesn't seem to be in it. In the final resort, it's the unexpected return of Warden (his mother died of shock at his gift, a vast salmon: 'Her last words — lox') that rescues matters for a rueful cheeriness. Knowing well enough what has been happening, he hands round the fish for general consumption. 'Friendship's what's important,' he ruminates, 'but in the meantime you'll have to do.'

Briefly: Claude Lelouch's **Edith and Marcel** reveals this erratic director at his sentimental worst, aimlessly grafting on to a largely toothless account of Piaf's destructive affair with the champion boxer Cerdan (rather touchingly played by his son) some business of a tubby little French POW practising pen-pal fraud — an officer writes his flowery letters for him — on a socially and culturally superior girl: at war's end, this attractive miss (Evelyne Bouix plays both her and Piaf, an idiocy) walks dolefully into wedlock with fatty, then into an encouraged amour with that epistolary officer, then back to hubby. At over 140 minutes, the movie's offer of Piaf's voice singing most of the songs is insufficient reward. *La vie en rose, mon cul*. Worth a visit is the New Zealand **Vigil**: review next week. □



Acting dumb: Donald Sutherland in *Crackers*

THEATRE

Resurrection

Benedict Nightingale

Waste
GRANVILLE BARKER *Pit*
The Mysteries
adapted by TONY HARRISON *Cottesloe*

'ALTOGETHER THE MOST distinguished and incomparably the most cultivated person whom circumstances had driven into the theatre at that time,' wrote Shaw of Granville Barker after his death in 1946; and it's certainly difficult to think of anyone who brought more size and suppleness of mind to the Edwardian dramatic renaissance. Galsworthy, Hankin, GBS himself? There are moments in **Waste**, as there are in *The Voysey Inheritance* and *The Madras House*, quite beyond any of those educated sensibilities.

Not that the Edwardians got the chance to confirm this from *Waste* itself, or compare it with Barker's other two masterworks. It was banned by the Lord Chamberlain for the crime of being too candid about politicians and their private lives. The censor thought it bad enough to bring onstage a married woman made pregnant by someone other than her husband and to show her unapologetically insisting on an abortion rather than hurling herself from a window, abjectly closeting herself in a nunnery, or atoning in one of the other ways confidently expected of Magdalens. But when her lover was a leading statesman, when the result of his sin was her ugly death on some back-street operating table, when the PM-designate was seen assiduously trying to cover up the scandal — well! 'A work of extraordinary power dealing with some of the most fundamental facts of human life, with an unflinching truthfulness,' editorialised *The Times*, only to argue that the play's very excellence made it dangerous and unstagable: 'questions of art are one thing and questions of public policy and public expediency are another thing.'

How has time dealt with this perilous piece? In my view, pretty kindly. No one seems much exercised these days with the political question at the evening's centre, whether or not the Church should be disestablished and its revenues used for education, but that matters very little, because it's only there to give the main character a passionate cause to fight and, since he alone can apparently fight it effectively, the government a strong reason to back him when his amours make him embarrassing. Though the evidence is that Barker had the Dilke and Parnell cases in mind rather than some strange premonition of Profumo and Parkinson, you could certainly call *Waste* prescient. Indeed, you might go much further.

First, it offers as plausible a trip into the high political stratosphere as any play I know. At the start, you're plunged into the thick of the thin: that elegant salon, with its knowing banter conducted in invisible inverted commas; an awful, airless place, but one that has the authenticity of Barker's increasing familiarity with Asquith and other great men of his day. It is, however, what follows that's of the greater interest. How to prevent the aggrieved widower publicly exposing politician Trebell's deadly peccadillo and, as importantly, how to prevent his Cabinet colleagues exploiting it to their own ends and reacting in other ways destructive to his Disestablishment Bill and damaging to the new Tory government? There the statesmen sit, sometimes striking high moral attitudes, sometimes calculating and manoeuvring, while their wretched leader labours simultaneously to foresee the next move in the chess-game, assess its consequences and extricate the players when they become stuck in impossible positions. Tony Church, entrusted with this last task, gives the performance of the evening. Imagine a very canny, very shrewd sheep, its brain ceaselessly ticking away behind a sleepy, bleating exterior, and you've his PM — indeed, a PM disconcertingly like a sleepy-shrewd PM of recent real-life memory.

Not that the rest of John Barton's cast lacks conviction and clout. How could it do so, containing as it does Maria Aitken and Charles Kay, Judi Dench as a flirt and adventuress with inner fires that reveal themselves in adversity and Daniel Massey as her seducer, Trebell himself? It's the latter's character that gives the revival its other main justification. You might at first think him mainly Ibsen-substitute or Ibsen-derivative, this white-hot seeker after self-fulfilment through social and political achievement; but, as he's written by Barker and fastidiously played by Massey, he emerges as a man with larger longings and more intricate motives.

The prospect of fatherhood, then the abortion, don't leave him untouched. On the contrary, they stir in him a halting sense of his emotional thinness and, more than that, a growing awareness that public adequacy isn't unconnected with private adequacy. To be sure, this is more apparent in the original *Waste* of 1907 than in the version Barton gives us at the Pit, which comes blended with the revisions Barker made in the 1920s, but enough remains for us to be able to identify Trebell for what he finally is, his author's most complete protagonist, his archetype and (some would say) his surrogate self. He's Edward Voysey plus Philip Madras plus Granville Barker: an intellectual fearful that something central, some vital source of strength, is missing in him; a high-flyer doomed to be dissatisfied with himself; a superego dimly aware of the call of the id. In other words, he's not only archetype but prototype, or, at least, an early recruit to that hunt for human wholeness which in one form or another has so preoccupied playwrights in recent years.

But if it's hard to believe that *Waste* is approaching it 80th birthday, it's harder still to credit the York Crucifixion Play, 600 years old and an astonishingly brilliant piece of realism. There, in those Roman soldiers, one hears the voice of the ordinary British torturer as he might be today: lugubriously sadistic at moments but more often beefing and moaning about his lot, blaming other people for the inevitable inefficiency of the apparatus and itching for a tea-break. This was the third time

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I'd seen that and its surrounding mystery-plays, the second I'd seen the Old-Testament sequence preceding it and the first I'd seen 'Doomsday', a work involving the Resurrection and Ascension, the death and assumption of the Virgin and the division of our species between the clouds and a jagged, rusty smelter below floor-level; and I've no hesitation in proclaiming **The Mysteries** a triumph both imaginative and technical.

Brian Glover's beefy, truculent God, Jack Sherherd's gleeful Satan, Karl Johnson's vulnerable, childlike Jesus — but one could go on for another two columns acclaiming the men and women behind those overalls and dungarees, modern cloth caps and Biblical shawls, and still not have got to the visual invention, which includes a vast turning ferris-wheel, part cage, part web, part map-of-the-world, part universe . . . □

ROCK MUSIC

Agitpop

Barney Hoskyns

IT IS FASCINATING to observe the factions and allegiances that form when crises like the Ethiopian famine and the miners' strike start to prick pop's social conscience. Currently we are witnessing an orgy of charity and benefit concerts which, apart from raising funds, have the function of sifting politically acceptable pop stars from opportunist class traitors.

A divide has opened up between the glam pop stars who took part in the hugely successful Band Aid project and the more ideologically right-on folk who play benefits for striking miners. The issue has less to do with charity, of course, than with credibility: it being a softer option for some fresh-faced teen idol to 'care' about something happening thousands of miles away than to voice an unpopular opinion on something happening two hundred miles away. The actual results of the Band Aid record are discounted.

Thus we read still of the 'bonanza of free publicity' that Bob Geldof's gathering has enjoyed. (Does Boy George really *need* publicity?) Admittedly, given that Geldof's own career has of late been firmly in the dumps, Band Aid could be construed as a shrewd move by him. But what is more important here: that Bob Geldof should not exceed his station as Pop Star In Decline or that we should all try to get as much aid to starving people as possible?

'You *really* want to do something about Ethiopia?' rants Ms Susan Williams in last week's *New Musical Express*. 'How about destroying the sick system which *needs* the poverty to survive? The beginning of a struggle against that system is happening now . . . on every miners' picket line.' Unfortunately, not everyone is going to swallow the line that the miners are striking for Ethiopia. Do people like Williams not realise that the human entities starving in Africa are not simply extras in some vast drama of historical determinism, or is it merely wet to care about black bags of bones?

What Julie Burchill wrote in a December *Time Out* still holds good:

> The real heart of the carpers' distrust of Band Aid is based not in the fact that their motives are too cloudy, but that they are too pure; it does not suit the squabbling, factionalist playpen of current young loud-left politics to express a sentiment so black and white, so defined and decent, as 'Feed The World'.

It is strange that it should be cool to support a striking miner but uncool to want to feed someone who is starving to death. The trouble is that starvation is not political, it's just a fact. No blame can be assigned, so politicised youth is not interested in it. It is true that more people might feel pity for the miners and their families were thousands of Africans *not* dying every day, but if one doubts the motives of the Band Aid participants, does one not also question the concern that radical rock-folk claim to feel for the miners?

There is something fundamentally unconvincing about the groups who *have* come out for the miners. Aside from sporadic benefits organised by the likes of Hackney's See You In Vegas, the kind of alternative pop bands who've fallen into place behind Paul Weller (who took long enough himself to come out unequivocally on the miners' side) simply lack political passion. For these drably disenchanted, tastefully dressed-down students, epitomised by those glum-looking goblins Everything But The Girl, credibility has become the most strenuous of poses.

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Literary

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Academy was the ultimate Night Of The Worthies, its music a faultlessly non-commital soundtrack to respectable radicalism. Everything But The Girl, Orange Juice, Aztec Camera: pop which is one beat off the mainstream; pop for people who are anti-populist, like Paul Weller.

Besides Wham's George Michael, Weller is the only star to put his guns behind the miners *and* Band Aid. And yet he couldn't have done what Geldof has done. 'Nobody would do it for me,' he has said, 'because all the bands hate me so much.' A revealing admission.

His discomfort is obvious in the fleeting appearances he makes in a new video of the Band Aid recording session (Polygram, £5.95). Except for Weller, everyone involved here plays up to the camera, grateful for this excuse to stop bickering at each other in gossip columns. Paul, on the other hand, shies away with a look of adolescent agony, sticking out with the honest humourlessness, the self-conscious and self-righteous angst which make 'Soul Deep', his record for the miners, so clumsily forced.

An atmosphere of artificial solidarity hung in the Academy air on Saturday. The pressure to be politically correct and credible killed any spontaneous expression of support and the audience's real indifference to the cause was revealed in the shameful jeering directed at vermilion-maned poet Joolz as she began a poem on the strike.

Perhaps it was inevitable that, in the light of this credibility war, the 'alternative' pop community would record its own 'Do They Know It's Christmas'. The news is that Madness, UB40, General Public and The Special AKA, the four major politicised pop groups in Britain, are collaborating on a version of The Pioneers' 'Starvation'.

And thus, while Boy George is trying to organise a Band Aid concert on the scale of George Harrison's 1972 Concert For Bangladesh; while, in the States, Michael Jackson is teaming up with Stevie Wonder for an American version of the phenomenon; and while the general air of self-congratulation and conscience-salving reaches feverish dimensions . . . one can breathe a long sigh of relief knowing that, as Bob Geldof said on Monday, 'compassion is fashionable again'. □

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Like a Colossus

Andrew Clements

Music and Machines
Barbican/Radio 3

PERHAPS IT WAS ALL just an excuse for an acute attack of nostalgia, for dredging up memories of a carefree, buoyant youth in the 1960s, but there is no denying that the BBC's Stockhausen festival, *Music and Machines*, which took over the Barbican for nine days, was a huge success. The sight of well over a hundred people of assorted age waiting for returns for the final concert last week was one that hardened contemporary-music followers like me could hardly believe.

It could just be, of course, that the music of the last 30 years has finally broken through, that developments in rock and jazz have finally bridged the gap between new music and its potential audience. While it would be marvellous if that were really true, I think I will need more proof before celebrating. Stockhausen has long had a cachet in London that none of his contemporaries — not even Boulez — has ever matched. Partly that is a result of his own skill as a self-publicist — as his lectures and concert introductions at the Barbican proved, he remains a compelling and charismatic talker; partly, too, it is because contemporary music is lacking in larger-than-life composers, and that Stockhausen most certainly is.

That grandiosity, the ability to fashion huge gestures, was well to the fore in the Barbican festival. Stockhausen has been a rare visitor to London of late, concentrating instead on the composition and production of the operas which will go to make up his week-long epic *Licht*, of which one instalment, *Donnerstag*, is scheduled at Covent Garden in September. By choosing to concentrate on his output from the 1960s, the BBC gave a timely reminder of the work on which his reputation rests. The total serial scores of the 1950s have a historical importance, but by and large they do not display the imagination and flair evident in almost every one of the six concerts here.

Stockhausen maintains that everything he writes is experimental, in the sense that he never reworks old ground but constantly tries new techniques and approachs. But nevertheless it is a particularly appropriate description of the music he wrote from *Kontakte* of 1960 to *Mantra* of a decade later, when he tried to marry the conventions of live performance with the techniques he had assimilated in the electronic studio. The vocabulary of pure electronic music had been exhausted astonishingly quickly, in the course of three relatively short works all written before 1956, the two Studies and the brilliant *Gesang der Jünglinge* which were included in *Music and Machines* as a flashback, the original tapes cleaned up by modern noise-reduction techniques. In these pieces Stockhausen had set out a complete grammar of electronic gestures and it is significant that when he returned to compose a tape-only work again, with *Telemusik* (1966), it was based upon a variety of musics and sounds rather than originated entirely in the studio. The mixture of music and electronic machine was thus an inevitable development and one in which Stockhausen found an ideal vehicle for his desire to create a world music, an art that would unite nations, draw on differing traditions and transcend cultural divides.

Perhaps, 20 years ago, that did not seem an unrealistic aspiration, but Stockhausen is still a naive composer, in the best, Brucknerian sense: an artist whose technical and structural imagination is superbly sophisticated, but whose music sets out to express relatively simple truths. Two works of the 1960s show that approach on the largest possible scale. It's a shame the BBC could not include *Momente* (1964) in its programmes; but *Hymnen* (1967) ended the series, the British premiere of the version with soloists, orchestra and tape.

Hymnen shows the brilliant best of Stockhausen and occasionally his worst. It is cast in four half-hour long 'regions' and derived from a collection of national anthems made on tape by the composer. It's most familiar in the version for tape alone issued on record in the early 1970s, though the English Bach Festival mounted a performance with the four soloists, whose task is to underline what is going on in the taped part and to strike off at improvised tangents from the basic material. In the third region Stockhausen introduces the option of an orchestra which plays throughout, colouring the score and in many cases changing its emphasis entirely. To those who know the records well, it must have come as a big shock to hear some of their favourite passages disappear under flurries of instrumental sound, but there were also points at which the interaction between the tape and live performers substantially enhanced the result.

Some of the sound images in *Hymnen* are among the most remarkable things to be heard in contemporary music anywhere: the extravagant gallimaufry of anthems and sounds which forms the climax to the third region to which the orchestra adds yet more layers of colour, the huge columns of sound that echo through most of the fourth and the gigantic glissando that is the emotional highpoint of the entire work, before it dies away in carefully articulated paragraphs of gentle breathing.

Elsewhere the festival dealt in more or less known quantities, though inevitably given added gloss by the composer's imprimatur. Both *Mantra* and *Stimmung* are relatively well aired in London, good though it was to hear them again. A programme that included *Mikrophonie II* (1965), *Solo, Spiral* and the glittering *Telemusik* was perhaps the only genuine disappointment. *Mikrophonie II*, for vocalists and electronics, seemed to lack some clarity and the version chosen did not have the dramatic shape of the account on record; *Spiral* produced the only self-indulgent performance of the series from its vocal soloist; *Solo*, though imaginatively realised here, never really does more than produce some pretty effects from its complex tape delays. There was however a totally gripping *Kontakte* (1960), for piano, percussion and tape, authoritatively projected in a way that contemporary music quite rarely is, and a fearsome, forthright Piano Piece X, which separated two versions of the problematical *Mixtur* (1964) for orchestra and live electronics, the second of which seemed to lay to rest most of one's misgivings about the work's coherence and effectiveness.

Certainly *Music and Machines* gave us the best of Stockhausen to date. A follow-up festival focussed on the music of the 1970s would be unthinkable, for there is too much that is whimsical, contrived and deeply embarrassing from that decade. He continues to be a profoundly uneven composer, yet the finest works seem to me to outstrip in scope and aural imagination anything written in the last 40 years anywhere in Europe, and at a time when new music appears to be groping for a positive direction, it was salutary to be reminded again of one of its authentically great figures. □

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In the lions' den

Christopher Price

Cliff Harper

THANK GOD for the freeze-up and my enforced sabbatical from watching Crystal Palace. The way we performed at our FA Cup third round local Derby at the Den on 5 January made me seriously think of deserting the team for the rest of the season. That is, if the ice and the snow and the dwindling crowds don't drive it into bankruptcy first.

The Den, I should explain, is London's grottiest ground, the home of the Lions — third-division Milwall. It is stuck in a derelict piece of 19th-century railway townscape off the Old Kent Road. Even approaching it is quite a problem; one has the choice between a *graffiti*-daubed railway arch which lets you on to a slag heap doubling up as a car park and an aptly-named meandering track called Cold Blow Lane.

If the Den as a whole is grotty, the visitors' enclosure is the pits. I should explain about visitors' enclosures — of which I count myself something of a connoisseur. They tend to be strategically sited in one corner of the ground, so that the visiting supporters can be shepherded by the police straight into their coaches with minimum scope for aggro. But, in most visitors' enclosures, you can at least feel broadly part of the show.

Not so at Milwall. The club's supporters are a pretty rough lot, prone to vent their feelings on friend and foe alike. Some years ago, after a particularly incompetent performance, they broke all the showroom windows of their Chairman, a Mr Purser, who does a nice line in Volkswagens on the other side of the Old Kent Road; on another occasion an unfortunate youth got pushed under a train after a match, at New Cross Station; and after another rowdy post-match incident, Denis Howell, in his Minister of Sport days, read the riot act and instructed them to install a fearsome set of concentration-camp-type fences around the visitors' enclosure. It was from this Stalag Luft environment that I joined a small band of Palace supporters and a lot of police from P District of the Met to watch Palace play like a bunch of tired clowns.

I had heard about the 'problems of policing Milwall' when, as MP for Lewisham West, I used to visit a succession of dour police Commanders to complain about the rough behaviour of their officers towards my unfortunate constituents. 'Ah, but they get a lot of stick at Milwall,' they would winge back. 'Frays tempers, you know, that sort of duty.' They were all, for some unaccountable reason, rather proud of Milwall, as the only league club in their borough, and would go on about the problems of policing it on alternative Saturdays at tedious length; as a Palace supporter, I would switch off. I didn't believe in their 'problem' and the club wasn't in my constituency anyway.

If ever I find myself representing Lewisham again, I shall listen more carefully to Commander Siggs, the current incumbent at P District. He clearly always did understand better than me the abstruse codes of the *Milwall* visitors' enclosure — which isn't really a visitors' enclosure at all. It is a ritual battleground, which the streetwise do well to avoid. It slowly dawned on me that the black-jacketed youths who began filling up what I had fondly believed to be a private *Palace* concentration camp, were actually *Lions* — the enemy, spoiling for a fight. In demotic parlance, Crystal Palace are known as the 'Eagles'; the word is chanted as a trochee and a spondee — *ēe-ī-gūr-ūrls*. When the invaders started chanting 'budgerigars' in response, there was clearly trouble in the air; and when the chant changed to 'Milwall, Milwall, Milwall, Milwall' (rendered, very approximately, to the tune of *Amazing Grace*) I fled swiftly to the nethermost camp boundary as the police clinically and expertly moved in and ejected the intruders. Just for that one moment, I thought our policemen were wonderful.

In retrospect, I blame the weather and players. The afternoon was so bitterly cold and the game was so unutterably boring that it was natural some spectators would be reduced to creating their own excitement. Palace scored a rather good goal in the first half through a beautiful cross from a new player called David Lyndsey, but much of the game was Milwall forcing corners, usually though a succession of forays from a winger called Otulakowski; and then, as is Palace's wont, we let in a goal in the last five minutes. It was at the far end of the ground, so I didn't see it very well, but it came as no surprise. I feared another mini-riot, but by now the stuffing had been knocked out of the Palace supporters, most of whom chose to flee south rather than fight. I joined them and welcomed the snow when it came down a few hours later to blot out all hope of a replay. I've taken up ski-ing. I reckon it's safer than watching the Lions in their Den. □

Weekend competition

No 2857 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Here's a typically mean-spirited comp for Valentine's Day: verse for an anti-Valentine card to be sent to any public figure whom you really do *not* love. Keep 'em short and nasty. Max. eight lines, by 5 February.

No 2854 Set by Snubbin

Effortlessly and subtly superior prose.

Report By Len the Unlucky

Guess who doesn't get invited when the rest of them swan off to Amsterdam on a free charabanc outing in aid of international compery. On top of which the Complex boiler is on the blink; and, what's more, such entries as I've managed to fumble up in mittened hands have proved hardly worth the painful effort: all ego and precious little subtlety.

I feel like giving one prize only and that to an ingeniously matter-of-fact display of superiority which wasn't even *entered*, i.e. the league table of comp winners for 1984 headed by Will Bellenger and sent in, 'just for the

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Complex records', by. . .yes, Will Bellenger. Who else? To be fair (a New Year resolution; don't worry, it won't *last*), since I've mentioned *him* I should also murmur something about the steady success of Murray, Norman, Petty and Ransome-Davies. Gold stars are also due to Benson and Sharpless: the former for scoring a bullseye in this and three other comps in one week (though She'll no doubt have something to say about this *other* comps business) and the latter for running into what is to my knowledge at least his 40th year of comping, more of them in the top ten than out of it.

So, a plaudit or two for past performance, but resting on laurels would be very ill-advised indeed. Large numbers of new winners are coming up hand over fist. And as for this week, a grudging tenner apiece for the best of a bad bunch. I sometimes wonder why you bother.

I can't draw a straight line. Hockney always says he can't understand them paying four thousand guineas for that hurried sketch of mine. Of course I don't tell him his peak is past — you can't tell a chum that, can you? But mind you, he's right — my creativity is indefensible in terms of technique and professionalism, but I think perhaps I just reflect the times we live in — I suppose I'm a kind of sounding board of our age — collecting the vibrations? Frightening isn't it? But I can't tell you how I do it any more than I know how I write a novel. Amis says it's illiterate rubbish — dear old chap! — and it probably is, but a £25,000 advance must mean something. I mean, I know it's immoral earnings but perhaps I really do have something meaningful to say. (You notice I don't say 'significant'.) But it's quite a responsibility.

KEN RUDGE

Actually, one's not so much a mother nowadays as more of a prison visitor. Pandora's having a few weeks hol. from Greenham — she's in Holloway. Charlotte stopped the city just a little *too* abruptly — she's serving a short, sharp something somewhere, and Belinda's brave, brave bookshop was inevitably raided. Still, as I was saying to Sir Michael — or was it Lord Denning? — it is rather *thrilling* to have such committed daughters, and we're in the throes of planning the *wittiest* coming-out parties. . .

DIANA EDEN

Congratulations on your forthcoming book of verse. Your mother and I are delighted. The joy of publishing for the first time is heady indeed; it gives one the sense of making a contribution to posterity. I think I may have told you that my publishing debut coincided with my 18th birthday. Along with the cards and little parcels brought in the post your grandmother handed me a letter from Oxford announcing that the University Press would publish my Aeschylus without emendation. But it's a shame that you've got to spend a week of your holidays with the typesetting. Can't you ask some of your friends to help? Anyway, when you have it all done be sure to set aside ten copies for us — and we insist on paying full price. All our love.

PATRICK HEALY

Well, we always have a turkey from the little farmer in the village and I marinaded it in olive oil overnight, of course it has to be that lovely, greeny first-press oil, and I always have a little pot of basil growing through the winter and I don't find twenty-five too many to cook for, after all it's just a roast dinner, isn't it? And this year we had our own damson jelly with the turkey, so much better than the supermarket cranberries. I managed to get in my yoga (it makes the whole day so peaceful) after we'd picked up our old dears from the Home and been to church and then, on Boxing Day, we had our usual super swim in the sea — such fun!

HAZEL STANLEY

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Screen tests

IT IS A LONG TIME ago that Adlai Stevenson sent for the man he had been told was his 'TV adviser' and asked him to fix his set. Richard Nixon's lunchtime shadow put an end to all that forever.

For their watershed TV debate, Kennedy arrived tanned from California, Nixon underweight and in pain with a bruised knee. When the two were asked if they wanted make-up, it was like being asked if they wanted gas for stitches. Kennedy didn't need any and Nixon didn't want to appear a sissy (or a funny colour). His light suit toned with the light background leaving only his haggard face and incipient beard for the lights to throw mud at and the voters to pre-judge. Black-hat-white-hat westerns were back. The brighter debater won on radio, the tanned jaw won on TV and in the country.

That debate and Kennedy's assassination three years later changed the role of TV into what **Television and the Presidency** (BBC-2) gleefully nominates 'an assembly point for joy and tragedy'. Can't you just see the two of them, waiting there in their dressing-gowns?

As Pierre Salinger said, TV was a threat to democracy, but it didn't say much for democracy if it had to be TV that ended Johnson's bloodthirsty deceptions over Vietnam. The Presidency never recovered. Leaders like Ford, Carter and Reagan were much like sports coaches pep-talking the rookies in the locker-room. 'Who are they fooling?' you used to ask yourself, but you had to hand it to them when you found it was nearly everyone. Was there something wrong with Americans? Or were you just a superior bastard?

You only had to switch over to ITV to catch Winston Churchill in **The Finest Hours** to find that you were just a superior bastard: there was Winston — cigar, V-sign, all the tricks — demonstrating the art of TV bamboozlement in 1942. All that stuff about fighting on the beaches is actually a Civil Defence message, progressing logically from beaches to fields to streets to hills, but he makes it sound like a battle-cry.

In **Shape of the World** (C4) we were given a fearful image of Colonel 'gadfly' Gaddafi buzzing round the world like a junkie trying to swap Libyan oil for The Bomb. He seems mostly to have been treated like a lit firecracker and lobbed over the nearest hedge, which explains his over-heated expression, but we can't blame this unattractive man for being bomb-crazy. It was started by the Americans in Potsdam in 1945 when Truman whispered to Stalin that he had an atomic bomb at home and Stalin ran back to Moscow and ordered his scientists to hurry up and make him one too.

It was enjoyable, in this context, to break the programme for the over-crowded Russian cruise commercial currently going down like lead on Channel Four. 'I must say I've never been on a Russian ship before,' says a homely housewife unsurprisingly, surveying the cramped decks. 'I'm not kidding, they can't do enough for you.'

WE HAVE SMILING actors (Peter Lorre) and we have frowning actors (Charlton Heston). Now we have Peter Barkworth, a smiling-frowning actor, demonstrating his art in **The Price** (C4), a new Irish kidnapping serial. Generally speaking, Barkworth's mouth goes down, due to the bloodthirsty storyline, but the rest of his face goes up, because he is playing a millionaire. Put another way, the mouth acts its part, while the eyes try to pretend that everything is all right, as in life. 'All actors are nervous,' says Barkworth, 'and it is part of your job to conceal it.' Smiling-frowning acting isn't a bad technique as it suggests a subtle nature with internal conflicts, although the act of speech does temporarily erase this impression. Barkworth smile-frowns and we get the notion that he isn't quite as cut up about the IRA kidnapping his wife and stepdaughter and shooting his chauffeur as the lower half of his face makes out.

'I can't bear you to touch me,' breathed his young wife just before she was abducted. Is it worth ruining himself for a ruined marriage? Or might a little ruffianly torment be just what's needed to restore a sense of wifely gratitude to their five-star marriage? The Price is thus the price of love as well as freedom.

The story is wonderfully complicated. Barkworth happens to be insured for kidnapping, due to some South American venture, but he has to pay the ransom in full before he gets the insurance money, which can't be used as credit, being confidential until the case is resolved. OK? This ushers in the ambiguous, unsympathetic figure of the firm's field operative, 'whose function is to secure the release of the hostage for the least possible ransom' and whose own marriage is appropriately on the rocks. Another ambiguous figure is Barkworth's press officer, mildly gratified at the high ransom demand (£3m).

The real Barkworth, involved scriptwise, claims the kidnapping is apolitical: 'If we had delved into that it would have dominated in the serial. Our kidnapping is a purely criminal act.' However, the taut sub-plots of a man-woman IRA cell excitedly guarding their prize — 'They're different. They're responsible for the soldiers in the north and the shit state down here' — and the divided loyalties of the family of the boy who witnessed their messy handiwork, look suspiciously political to me. Either way, the heat is on and there's just about time to catch up with Part 3 thanks to my selfless plot-pointing and refusal to panic.

I must say I found it cheering that the somewhat withered Barkworth could be thought bridegroom material for the youthful and brilliant Harriet Walter — or do you have to be a millionaire before taking that kind of comfort? The screen comes alight for this genuinely posh young actress with her spoilt, virginal mutterings. □

Work in Progress will be back next week.

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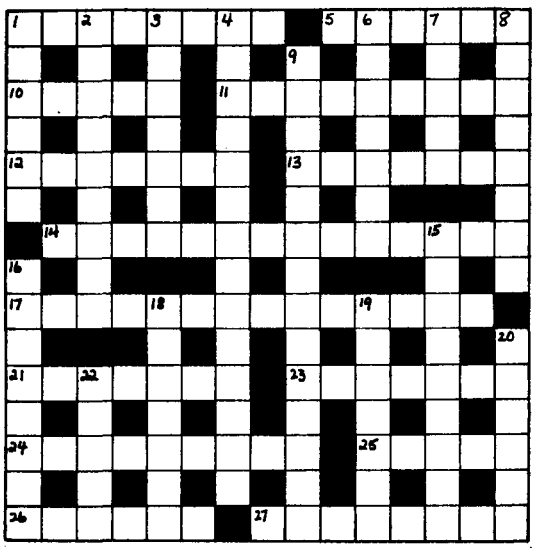
Weekend Crossword 1497

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1497, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 5 February.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Good-looking sailors love me (8)
5. Dry up in a disc or chamber (6)
10. Part of man which follows a bird (5)
11. Cropped up again as a change from mere greed (9)
12. The inscription shows mine to be in an untidy heap (7)
13. Town gives no money back after a call (7)
14. First-rate musicians have means of conducting children (14)
17. Such men are often met (14)
21. We are among those who are satisfied when made to work hard (7)
23. Man of violence backed up in short exchanges (7)
24. It is harsh but William is back with time inside (9)
25. Gold fastening in the form of a plant (5)
26. Top people make an attempt to follow the news (6)
27. Tie score is broadcast although it is not for broadcasting (8)

DOWN

1. The nearer woman goes on strike (6)
2. Something to eat in term being dished up as food (9)
3. Race-course official shows that half the test is in the turf (7)
4. Directions for departure (8,6)
6. Less likely to foul, but if he loses his head he is still one who needs support (7)
7. A worker has lost his head and become tory (5)
8. Believer in pleasure has done this badly (8)
9. Evil spirit in whose heart there is a man following his head (14)
15. What to write on when school turns up with examination questions (9)
16. Make notes about the food being excellent (8)
18. Coo, Bert, we're in time! (7)
19. Musical introduction (7)
20. Having unperceived significance in a fair on ice (6)
22. If she entered Latin here it would be Greek (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1465

H	A	N	D	C	U	F	F		B	A	R	D	I	C
E		E		A		O			M		I			R
L	E	E	K	S	O	U	P		N	A	U	S	E	A
L		D		S		R			S		D			S
A	R	E	N	A		P	E	D	E	S	T	A	L	S
S		D		N		O		U				I		E
				D	I	S	A	P	P	O	I	N	T	S
S		W		R		T		L		T		S		T
P	H	I	L	A	T	E	L	I	S	T				
R		N				R		C		E		L		W
I	N	D	O	N	E	S	I	A		R	O	A	C	H
N		L		E				T		B		D		I
T	R	A	T	A	N		D	I	L	U	T	I	O	N
E		S		R				N		R		E		E
R	E	S	I	S	T		A	G	O	N	I	S	E	D

Prizewinners to 1465

Ms C. Baird (Glasgow)
Miss N. M. M. Mackie (Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
J. Padgett Payne (San Francisco, USA)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

PURSUITS

ACADEMIC (male, 45), seeks woman (30-55) for skiing in the sun. Will settle for mountain walking in rain. Box (02) 0057.

GRADUATE CIVIL Engineer, 59, private craft workshop: ceramics, enamelling, silver, woodturning, painting, seeks correspondents, any creed. Art, craft, design, music. Simple, honest, no nonsense. Box (04) 0120.

MALE, 25, rather shy, wishes to contact female to share interests in walking, travel, exploring countryside and country towns, inland waterways, visiting quiet pubs. Box (04)0141.

MALE, 34, composer, writer, seeking female friends who are either soprano singers, sing in a choir, or, can play chess to stimulate my mind. Box (03)0087.

MALE SKIER, 60, seeks intelligent, attractive female companion, to share £192 all inclusive holiday in Spain, 22 Feb.-1 Mar., and other pursuits. No ties, no smoking. Box (04)0131.

MANY FRIENDS FOR A RICH, FULL LIFE
There are 6¾m people in Greater London. Select some of them through People Line magazine.
660 6066

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, Londoner, literary interests, novels, writing, talks by writers, wishes to meet female. Holiday spent together, travelling and writing, would be nice. Box (01)0025.

FINANCIAL

FINANCE HOUSE. Business, mortgage and personal brokerage etc. 705 Moston Lane, Manchester M10 9QD. 061-682 7130.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS £1,000-£20,000 in 10 days (secured). Also 100% **Mortgages** (Building Society) 3½ × income. Hometown 01-446 5451.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DRISCOLL HOUSE Hotel, 200 single rooms, £55 per week, partial board. Apply 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1 4YT. 01-703 4175.

SOME PLACES will soon be free in an established housing cooperative in the country an hour's drive from London. We are a mixed community ages 5-63 who are developing an alternative lifestyle in spacious and attractive surroundings. Contact Ann Darnbrough, Little Grove, Grove Lane, Chesham, Buckinghamshire Tel: 0494 782638. Also space can be hired for groups, conferences, etc.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

COURSES

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE
Offers a unique educational and cultural experience. Expert tuition in the Italian language (all levels), the Florentine Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque, Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9 month 'A' Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid premises & library in historic centre. Accommodation *arranged.*
Prospectus from: **David Rundle, Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy. Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.**

FIRCROFT RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE FOR ADULT EDUCATION

Offers **one-year full-time courses** for those with no formal qualifications wishing to develop their own capacities to go on to higher education and/or equip themselves to play a responsible role in the community. In 1985 students can choose subjects from among the following: **economics, politics and industrial relations, peace studies, philosophy, sociology and anthropology, literature.** Maintenance and tuition grants available.

Similar courses over two years available on a part-time, non-resident basis, especially for those eligible for public benefits or otherwise disadvantaged.

Prospectus and application forms from: **The Bursar, Fircroft College, Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham B29 6LH. Tel. 021-472 0116.**

APPOINTMENTS

SECRETARY
TRADE UNION HEAD OFFICE

The Union of Construction, Allied Trades and Technicians — the union for building workers — requires a competent secretary to work for one of our National Organisers.

The main responsibility will be to assist the National Organiser in dealing with members, Shop Stewards and Regional Officials. Technical skills are regarded as less important than common sense, enthusiasm and commitment to the trade union and labour movement.

The salary is **£6,242** per annum, inclusive of London Weighting and Allowances. The working week is 33 hours and a flexi-time system operates.

Please apply giving full details of experience, qualifications, commitment etc., to: **the General Secretary, UCATT, 177 Abbeville Road, London SW4 by Friday 1 February 1985.**

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APPOINTMENTS

BRITISH LABOUR GROUP
OF THE EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT
SECRETARY/ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT

To work in the office of the British Labour Group of the European Parliament based in Westminster.

Good shorthand/typing and experience in administration are essential. Membership of the Labour Party is necessary. Word processing skills and the knowledge of an EEC language are an advantage.

The salary will be in the range of **£8,500**. Generous holiday. Labour Party conditions of employment will apply.

Applications, to be accompanied by reference or names of referees, to: **The Secretary, British Labour Group, 2 Queen Anne's Gate, London SW1.**

Closing date for applications **4 February 1985.**

CND NATIONAL EVENTS ORGANISER

CND

CND requires a national events organiser to work in the CND Projects Department.

S/he will be responsible for organising CND's major events and coordinating campaigning around specific areas including Cruise and NVDA. We are looking for a resourceful and imaginative person who is familiar with working in a team. An ability to work well under pressure is essential.

Some evening and weekend work will be required. Salary **£7,932** (incl. London weighting). Pay parity in operation. Holidays 25 days p.a.

For a detailed job description and application form send an SAE to: **Christine Kings, CND, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4. (01-263 0977).**

Closing Date: 9 February

Interviews: 22 February

We welcome your application which will be considered on merit irrespective of race, marital status or sex.

THE LABOUR PARTY
has a vacancy for the post of
ASSISTANT LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICER
(Research Department)

The Local Government Section consists of the Local Government Officer, his secretary and the Assistant Local Government Officer (the present vacancy). The Section is an important part of the Research Department, being responsible for all local government matters at Head Office; and it works in close co-operation with the relevant research officers in the Department.

The Assistant will work with the Local Government Officer to provide wide-ranging support work for National Executive Committee, Labour Groups, and appropriate local parties; prepare research and policy papers, and also campaign, speech, political education and other information material; act as a source of advice on local government matters, including legal issues and finance; and advise the National Agent on organisational matters as they affect local government. She or he will also assist in the preparation of the publication, 'Labour Councillor'; and in arranging conferences called to discuss local government matters.

Applicants must have a good understanding and experience of local government; be able to write well; and have experience in the preparation of research papers, briefing material and other material for publication.

An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be a considerable advantage. A background of activity in the Party, in Local Government, and in the wider labour movement is essential..

Salary range, inclusive of London Weighting **£10,420-£12,080** per annum dependent on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms are available from:
The Adminstrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT (Tel 01-703 1064)
and should be returned by **Monday 11 February 1985.**
The Labour Party is an equal opportunities employer.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Please mention NEW STATESMAN when replying to advertisements

TOWN CLERK'S DEPARTMENT
Committee and General Services Section
Development Workers
(2 posts)
Nuclear Free Zone
Scale SO1/2 (£9,060/10,539)

The City Council already has well developed policies as a nuclear free zone local authority. In order to promote further initiatives and co-ordinate existing activities a new unit is being established in the Town Clerk's Department. The unit will develop peace initiatives, analyse and report on relevant legislation, develop links with trade unions and community groups on nuclear free issues, carry out research projects including work on arms conversion and the transportation of nuclear waste and weapons, organise local campaigns and conferences and generally advise local peace groups.

Applications are now invited for the above posts in the unit.

We are looking for people who are committed to the Council's position as a nuclear free zone authority, are aware of our obligations in respect of civil defence and emergency planning and have some appreciation of government strategies and policies. We welcome applications from candidates with experience of working with peace groups.

Application forms and job descriptions may be obtained from the Staff Office, Town Clerk's Department, P.O. Box 532, Town Hall, Manchester, M60 2LA. (telephone 061-234 3077).

Closing date for the receipt of applications is **Monday, 18 February, 1985.**

Manchester City Council is an equal opportunity employer and we positively welcome applications from women and men regardless of their racial, ethnic or national origin, disability, age, sexuality and responsibility for dependants. The City Council operates a Union membership agreement under which a new employee is required to become a member of a recognised Union.

MANCHESTER
City Council

USDAW
Trade Union Research

USDAW requires a Research Assistant at its Central Office in Manchester. The successful applicant will be expected to provide support services to National Officers and participate in the general work of the Department.

It would be an advantage for applicants to have an appreciation of the Trade Union Movement and experience and/or formal training in the social and economic background against which it operates.

Salary **£7,677** per annum to **£8,718** per annum. Applications by letter, giving full details, in envelope marked **'Research Assistant'** and addressed to the undersigned, must be received by **8 February, 1985.**

The General Secretary,
Union of Shop, Distributive & Allied Workers,
188 Wilmslow Road, Fallowfield,
Manchester, M14 6LJ.

USDAW
UNITY IS STRENGTH
UNION OF SHOP, DISTRIBUTIVE AND ALLIED WORKERS

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TUITION

LEARN SPANISH: with qualified teacher and native speaker, with long teaching experience. Information between 7.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m. 01-794 6059 Mrs Stevenson.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

COACH TOURS FOR 1985

Budapest – 10 days – 24 AUG £215 FB; **Lake Balaton** – 10 days – 25 MAY £165 FB; **Lake Garda, Italy** – 8 days – 27 APR £100 HB; **Sitges, Spain** – 10 days – 13 APR £135 HB.

Plus many more tours during the year. All include some excursions in the holiday price.

Send for details to:
FAIRMONT TOURS,
67 High Street, Heckmondwike,
West Yorks, WF16 0AD.
Tel: 0924 401739.

CHEAPEST FARES, Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B & B £67 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

EXCURSION TO BULGARIA
of special interest to
SOCIAL HISTORIANS
3-15 June 1985

Visits to Museums and Historic Sites, etc to show Aspects of Thracian, Roman, Byzantine, Turkish and Bulgarian Influence

For full details and costs write or phone

The Secretary, The British-Bulgarian Friendship Society, 69 Upper Street, London N1 0NY (tel. 01-359 0507 or 01-673 2931)

TRAVEL BARGAINS FOR 1985

Considerable reductions for groups of 6 or more

Write for our 1985 BROCHURE. NOW!

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

PEKING £675 22 April-20 May
with 2 days in Moscow and 9 days in Peking with full board. Travel by Trans Siberian Railway. Sleeping births throughout. In Peking, see the Great Wall, the Forbidden City – former estate of the Emperors and many city tours, inclusive.

LENINGRAD via GDR £190 30 March/11 April

LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, COMO . . . £125
5/14 April & 25 May-2 June, 7/16 Sept.

ANDORRA & PYRENEES £135, 6-14 April

NORWEGIAN FJORDS £160, 25 May-2 June

MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . . £190 5/15 April & 27 Apr.—7 May, also leaving every Tuesday 9 July/17 Sept.

ORIENT EXPRESS to BLACK SEA . . . £155
dates as Moscow.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, PRAGUE . . . £145.
27 March—5 April, & 20-29 April.

PRAGUE £160 6/13 April & 12/19 May.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 25 JAN

LONDON 'The Arrival of Godot' – a post-Shavian Theatrical Revolution. 6.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. The Shaw Society 01-202 9514.**

SAT 26 JAN

LONDON National Childcare Campaign AGM 10.30am-4pm Oak Rm., 70 Kingsway, WC2. Discn. on new initiatives taken by L/A nurseries/schools to increase control by parents and workers. **Org. NCCC, Wesley Hs, 70 Gt. Queen St, WC2B 5AX. 01-405 5617/8.**

LONDON Concert by Dutch University Orchestra in aid of Nat. Bureau for Handicapped Students. 7.45pm Queen Elizabeth Hall. Tickets £1.50-£4.50. **Details: 01-278 3459.**

LONDON Quarterly meeting of International Fdn. Left Europe, UK Grp. 2.30pm 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. **Details: 05827 5399.**

MON 28 JAN

LONDON 'Sums & Socialism: the politics of mathematics' by Mike Hodgkin, Kings College. 6.30pm The Roebuck, Tottenham Ct. Rd, W1. **Org. BSSRS 'Beneath the White coat' fortnightly series of seminars.**

LONDON Gala Concert for Peace starring John Williams & Fou Ts'ong 7.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Tickets from £2.50-£9 from RFH Box Office 01-928 3191. **Org. MANA (Musicians Against Nuclear Arms) Details: 01-359 1481.**

TUES 29 JAN

LIVERPOOL 'Winning the Unions for Labour' by Ian Williams. 8pm AUEW, Mount Pleasant. **Org. MLCC.**

WED 30 JAN

LONDON 'Engineers, Ethnics & Trident' Public Meeting 6.30pm Central Hall, Westminster. Spkrs. Peter Thurnham MP, Bishop of Kensington, Prof. Stephen Harris, Revd. Prof. Keith Ward. **Org. Engineers for Nuclear Disarmament 01-359 7476.**

BANGOR Rally outside magistrates court 9.30am to show solidarity with 26 members of N. Wales miners' support grps. due to appear on breach of peace charges – first mass court appearance of supporters since dispute began. Bring banners. NUM spkr. Social 7pm Castle Hotel.

ISLINGTON Fabian Society meeting with Peter Archer QC. MP., on 'Civil Liberties'. 8pm Rm. 3 Town Hall, Upper St., N1.

LONDON 'The Global Politics of Food and Hunger' by Richard Body MP. 6.30pm St. James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. Adm. £1/50p UB40. **Details: DUNAMIS 01-734 4511.**

LONDON COSAWR & Anti-Apartheid Movement public meeting 7.30pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 'State of War: The Apartheid War Machine'. Spkrs from AAM, ANC, SWAPO, COSAWR, CND.

LONDON CPAG one-day-course for welfare rights advisers covering Amendments in 1984 to Social Security legislation; Review of 1984 Commissioners' decisions; Severe Disability Allowance; Housing benefit. 10am-5pm Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Fee £15. **Details & bking: Alan Booth, CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

SAT 2 FEB

LONDON Day of Solidarity with Women of Cuba & Nicaragua 10am-5pm Marble Arch Intensive English School, 21 Star St, W2. 6pm-8pm Film, 8pm Dinner & Social. Adm. £3/50p UB40. Evening only: £1/50p UB40 **(Women only welcome) Register in advance: Carila, 29 Islington Park St, N1.**

BIRMINGHAM 'Local initiatives to Combat Poverty' Labour Social Security Campaign fringe meeting. 5.30pm District Labour Party Offices, 14 Bristol St, B'ham 5. Spkrs. Geoff Edge, SMCC, Steve Carr, Low Pay Unit, Roger Lawrence, LSSC.

FORTHCOMING

4 FEB LONDON History Workshop Seminar: Michael Foot on 'Attlee's Labour Government.' 7.30pm White Swan, 14 New Row, WC2.

6 FEB LONDON Socialist Health Assoc AGM 8pm Walthamstow Town Hall, Forest Rd, E17.

7 FEB LONDON 'Civil Defence?' Public Meeting with Simon Turney GLC, Roger Poole NUPE, Fred Barker CND. Adm. Free. 8pm Victoria Hall, Sheepcote Rd.

9 FEB LONDON Public Order Research Grp./Greater London Assoc. of Trades Councils Conf. on Policing & Public Order: Proposals for Change. 1pm Congress House, Gt. Russell St, W1. **Details: Public Order Research Grp, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-734 5831.**

13 FEB EWELL 'Pacifism' CND meeting 8pm 42 Reigate Rd, Ewell. **Details: Peter Brooker Epsom 21348.**

14 FEB LONDON Music of Baroque Dresden – concert to commemorate 40th anniversary of Dresden bombing. 8pm St. Martins in the Fields, Trafalgar Sq, WC1. Tickets: £2.50/£1.50 UB40 at door. **Proceeds to National Peace Council & World Disarmament Campaign.**

23 FEB LONDON GLC Assembly on Abolition, ratecapping, jobs. Wembley Conference Centre. **Details: Rm. 217 County Hall 01-633 4400.**

2-3 MARCH LONDON Campaign Against Arms Trade 'Bread not Bombs' National Meeting at 111 Gower St, WC1 (Sat) Friends International Centre, Byng Pl, WC1 (Sun). **Bkings & Details: CAAT, 5 Caledonian Rd, N1 9DX 01-278 1976.**

2 MARCH LONDON Women & Photography Day at Battersea Arts Centre. Women interested/involved in photography contact: **Amanda, Format Photographers, 25 Horsell Rd, N5. 01-609 3439 (Mons & Tues.)**

2 MARCH LONDON 'Poor Britain' Conference org. by CPAG 10.30am-5.30pm City University, Northampton Sq, EC1. Sessions on social security & the welfare state. Spkrs incl Barbara Cohen, Chris Pond, Prof. Patrick Minford, Nick Raynsford, Prof. Peter Townsend. Fee £6/£3 UB40. **Details and programme: Alan Booth, CPAG 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

9 MARCH BURNHAM-on-SEA, SOMERSET 'The D Questions: Disarmanent, Development or Disaster?' Study day at Princess Hall, £3/£2 UB40. **Details/registration: Liz Wright, Burnham-on-Sea & Highbridge CND, 5 Kingsway Rd, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.**

18 MAY WAKEFIELD 'You can always have another one!' study day for women who have suffered miscarriages, Health Professionals interested in care and counselling, all those interested in this socially taboo subject. 10am-4pm Treacy Hall, adjacent Wakefield Cathedral. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Peter Huntingford (BBC 'Birthright' programme), Dr. Barbara Pickard PhD. **Tickets from Secretary, Miscarriage Assoc, c/o Dolphin Cottage, 4 Ashfield Terrace, Thorpe, Nr. Wakefield. Phone: Leeds 828946.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
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ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, CULTURED, male 45, *suffering from neglected libido and general* sensory deprivation, would like to hear from slim, artistic girl, for escapist friendship (Sussex). Box (04) 0155.

ATTRACTIVE LADY graduate, 46, many interests, intelligent, slim, financially secure, non-political, seeks affluent, non-smoking, respectable gentleman wanting happiness, in a loving marriage. Scotland, England. Box (03)0099.

ATTRACTIVE, LIVELY, Japanese woman (30s), wishes to meet attractive, affectionate, warm, solvent and reliable London man (35-45), view committed relationship. Box (04) 0146.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), *any race/circumstance for warm* friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/ surrounding area. Box (02) 0078.

BIRMINGHAM TEACHER, languages, (29), seeks attractive female graduate, (20s), with sense of humour, for lasting relationship. Interests include: literature, travel, walking, eating & drinking. Box (04) 0126.

BREATHES THERE *a woman from anywhere* who is interested in Yoga, walking, writing, bridge? Child(ren) welcome. Prefer veggies. Tel. 099-286-292 or Box (03)0106

CARIBBEAN PHILOSOPHY graduate, interested in Bertrand Russell and existentialism, seeks female who is similarly motivated, under 40, and loves life and human *nature.* Box (03)0110.

CRI DE COEUR. Interesting, attractive woman, generous build, shortly retiring, seeks male companion, usual cultural interests, incl. antiques. For flat-share, possible marriage. Box (04) 0139.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDUCATED, INDIAN woman, 40s, would like to meet educated, professional Englishman, 45 and over, for friendship. Box (04)0159.

EDUCATED WIDOW, 54, grown up family, resident Scotland, wishes to meet gentleman with family. Medical profession preferred, but other professions acceptable. Box (04)0145.

'ENOUGH'S ENOUGH'. Male, early 30s, would like to stop searching for the impossible, but still find a warm, sensitive, bright, intuitive Jewish female, who perhaps shares interests in theatre, politics, the outrageous and the open *air.* Box (04)0152.

FEMALE GRADUATE, 32, European, friendly, interested in literature, films, travel, walking, seeks friendship with kind, intelligent man. London. Box (04)0133.

FEMALE LECTURER, 32, two children; interests (not indulged much these days): theatre, cinema, food, company, good conversation; seeks professional (m.) who is solvent, stable, unattached, kind, in Merseyside/Manchester area for companionship, fun, happiness. Box (04)0142.

FUTURE WIFE wanted by educated, middle-class American 6', 170lbs, late 50s. Is looking for a slender, attractive lady in her 40s. J. Stafford, 75-14 Fairfield Way, Commack, New York 11725, USA.

GAY GENTLEMAN, *graduate, late 20s,* discreet, sincere, non-scene, good-looking, seeks male company (over 21). Gloucestershire/Oxfordshire area. Photo appreciated. Box (04)0143.

GAY GUY, 26, disabled but independent, London, friendly, hedonist, would like to meet *warm, emotional man, over 21, disabled or* able-bodied, for close friendship. Photo please. Box (03)0100.

GENTLEMAN, BLACKPOOL, early sixties, slim, presentable, affectionate, kind, humanitarian politics, seeks close friendship or correspondence, possibly romance, with lady similar age, interests mutual art. Box (03)0111.

GENTLEMEN & LADIES over 50, interested arts, theatre, dancing, travel, beginners Bridge, dining in, out, cosy conversations, mutual appreciation, small select club, Watford area. Correspondence anywhere. Box (03)0090.

GENTLEMAN, YOUNG 60, seeks lady-friend *to share common interests like languages,* science fiction and non-platonic friendship. Resident North London. Box (03)0117.

HAPPY, ENTHUSIASTIC male, 36, unpromiscuous, uneffeminate bisexual, energetic, slim, creative professional, unmaterialistic, travelled, active socialist seeks warm, wise slenderish female with spirituality, social conscience, humour and shared desire for soulmate, perhaps child. Box (03)0101.

I'M MALE, educated, working-class, average *appearance, slim,* 5' 11", young 41, home-owner, enjoys music, dancing, cinema, dining out, reading, wishes to meet female for friendship/companionship. Box (04)0144.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE woman, mid 40s, widely travelled, two teenagers, interesting work, seeks unattached, lively, non-smoking, non-chauvinist man for warm, sincere friendship, fun, intellectual leftish interests, third world travel and simple enjoyments. London. Box (04)0154.

LECTURER, 44, 5' 8", PhD, seeks attractive woman (shapely?), with left-wing views. Likes: music, piano, countryside, cats, laughter, peace. Photo appreciated. Box (04)0134.

LIFE'S IMMEASURABLE surprise. Mature, unattached graduate, Londoner, seeks warm-hearted, intelligent, apolitical lady companion, for his hours of ease. Box (03)0089.

LIGHT-HEARTED, NORMAL, lively female, early 40s, with energy, enthusiasm and many interests, including hiking, travel, photography, reading, pubs, cinema, seeks male counterpart. Box (03)0086.

LONDON JOURNALIST LADY
young 50s, intelligent rather than intellectual, would like sharing, caring, man-friend mid-50s+. I enjoy arts, sports, outdoors, tray suppers by the TV, and looking up from reading at someone smiling closeby. Non-smoker please. Phone number and photo *appreciated.*
Box (03)0092.

LONDON LADY, 41, pretty, plump, warm, successful, creative, freelance, slightly frivolous, interested in visual arts, architecture, cinema, theatre, seeks interesting, humorous man, for '85. Box (03)0094.

LONELY DOCTOR, male, under 45, sought by slim, very attractive, musically talented woman colleague, late 30s, view loving relationship, *marriage, children.* Midlands or London. Box (02) 0046.

LONELY FEMALE? A rare, interesting, male graduate, 29, considered highly attractive, desires to respect and enhance your precious life. Location unimportant. Awaiting your letter. Box (04)0151.

OWN MAN, creative, practical, warm, sensitive, holistic, with wide interests, tall, slim, presentable, 53, missing loving companionship/home life/adventure, with equally youthful, soft-hearted, open-minded comely woman. Full letter gladly reciprocated. Box (04)0132.

MALE, 41, *married but missing warmth and* intimacy seeks female possibly similarly placed, for necessarily occasional but caring friendship. Box 4044.

MALE, TALL, presentable, non-smoker, seeks female, around 50, who appreciates gentleness, warmth and affection, looks and *status secondary; plump lady considered.* Box (04)0135.

MANCHESTER-BASED Indian woman social worker, 43, left-wing, interested in everything, knows nothing about anything, seeks a man for lasting relationship. Box (04)0157.

MANCHESTER WOMAN, early 40s, socialist lecturer, seeks a man capable of offering, a *committed and stable relationship.* Box (04)0156.

ORIENTAL ACADEMIC (m., 34), personable, good-natured, seeks female company NW/-London/anywhere. Interest in arts/China/-Eastern Europe an asset! Box (04)0129.

PRESSURISED, PULVERISED, profligate, media worker, mid 20s, would warmly welcome *woman friend at fireside, for sincere and/or* wicked, winter warmth. Bristol, London, or in between. Any takers? Box (04)0150.

PROFESSIONAL ACTRESS/teacher requires friends interested in the arts. Also older professional gentleman to cherish, protect a sensitive, warm, Christian lady, single (30). Box (04)0140.

PROFESSIONAL, LEFT-WING male, 33, bit of a romantic, interested in classical music, travelling, wining/dining and changing society, seeks female partner to indulge and share life, love and to create mutual happiness. W Midlands/anywhere. Box (03)0091.

SEMI-RETIRED PROFESSIONAL gentleman, of independent means, tall, slim, witty, seeks discreet lady friend, living London. Box (04)0127.

SEPARATED WOMAN, 41, seeks sensitive, intelligent male, for conversation, theatre-going, meals out, and maybe more, eventually. Only recently begun to appreciate men! SW area. Box (04)0125.

SEXUALLY DOMINANT but otherwise democratic London hack (50 and holding), *badly dressed, intermittently solvent,* unsmoking, ex-villain, needs honest, sensuous woman friend/lover/wife. Box (04)0128.

SHY, SENSITIVE guy (29), lonely & bored, *would like to meet female, probably in same* boat, for companionship, & someone to talk to. Box (04)0158.

SINGAPORE CHINESE former journalist, law student, 30s, seeks female fellow sufferer or sympathiser. Prefer lefties. Age immaterial. Central London based. Box (04)0138.

TALL, SLIM, woman 40, one child 11, becoming wary, but still optimistic much of time, likes Barry Norman, tea in bed, J.B. Priestley. Would like sociable contact with man 40+, non-smoker, not married please. (South East or elsewhere). Box (04)0136.

TYNESIDE LECTURER, 37, seeks non-smoking female companion. Interests include: dining out, sports, walking and literature. Box (04)0123.

WARM, CARING, sensuous, home-loving divorcée, 44, seeks public school man, who has achieved success in his career, is fairly intellectual, enjoys the good things of life and wants to settle down, to love and be loved. London or near. Box (03)0084.

WARM, GENTLE, fit male, 27, 5' 8", seeks older woman, for interesting, fun relationship. Wide interests include: the outdoors, baroque music, films and gigs. London. Box (04)0153.

WIDOW, 64, slim, lively, many interests, retired professional, living Canterbury, seeks caring, intelligent male, 64+, for firm, *meaningful relationship.* Box (04)0121.

WOMAN, 35, independent, warm, socialist, seeks *female and (tall) male friends in London.* Likes most music, old films, walking, conversation. Box (04)0130.

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